



IN TOUCH

THE MAGAZINE FOR A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

FOR MEN

ISSUE 32

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IN TOUCH FOR MEN

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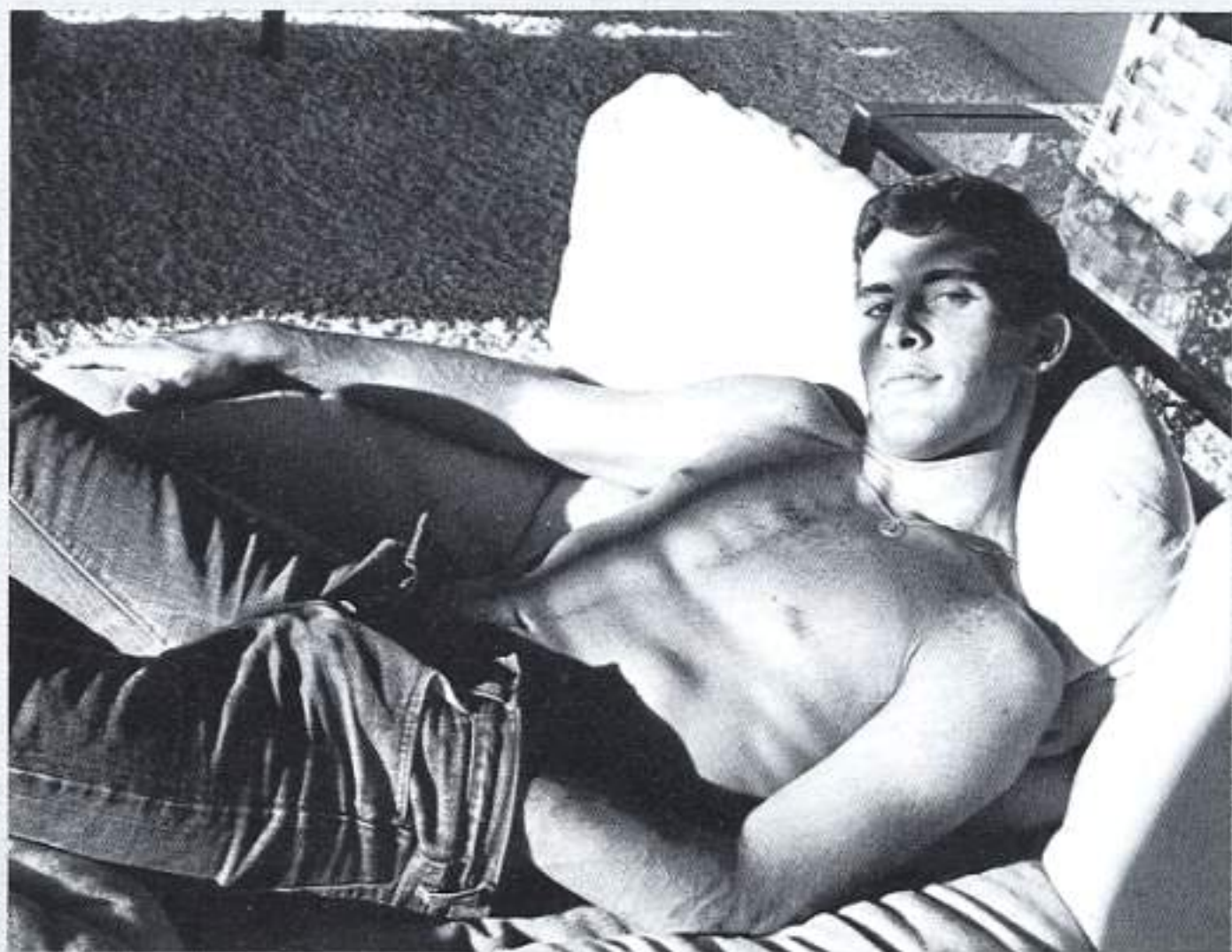


Photo by Jim Yousling

A magazine — *any* magazine — owes to itself and to its readers to take a moment now and then to assess its position and to clarify, if any clarification is necessary, its editorial policy. We'd like to do that now.

The world, as you have probably noticed, is not always a very nice place. This is particularly true for gays who, in addition to having to cope with the day-to-day problems of being human, also have to suffer the blind, irrational prejudices still being inflicted on homosexuals.

IN TOUCH For Men assumes the position that to be gay is to be normal; that gays have a culture in which heterosexuals exist only as peripherally as gays exist in the heterosexual world. We serve that culture.

Our goal is to enlighten and entertain. We leave militancy to the militants and preaching to the preachers. The only banners we fly or soapboxes upon which we stand are those which reaffirm the positive aspects of being gay.

It is our firm belief that there is sufficient kinkiness, trauma, tragedy, death drugs, depression, despair, and pain in the world. You will not find them in **IN TOUCH**

For Men. Those who want to be depressed can do so on their own time, and for free.

What you *will* find within our pages is reassurance — reassurance that there *are* 20 million of us out there; that each of us is a part of that whole; and that being gay is no more unusual than having brown eyes or being left handed.

Which brings us to this current issue. The first thing you'll notice is that we're bringing you 25 percent more color pages, which always helps to brighten one's outlook. In addition to our standard features — Nightlife, People, World Reports, and spreads on three hunky nude models — there's an interview with super-stud John Holmes, travel pieces on New Zealand, Austin, and San Diego, an inside look at gay TV, a satiric salute to our dear friend Anita, and a lot more. We hope you'll enjoy it all, and that you'll let us hear from you with your comments, suggestions, and (if any) criticisms.

Oh, yes — with the end the year rapidly approaching, we hope you'll make your 1978 a little brighter with a 1978 **IN TOUCH** Calendar. Stay happy.

editorial

IN TOUCH

FOR MEN

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MOVIES

MUSIC

NIGHTLIFE

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MOVIES

Robby Benson is co-writer and star of *One on One* — the tale of a short-but-talented basketballer who finds high school and university squads worlds apart.

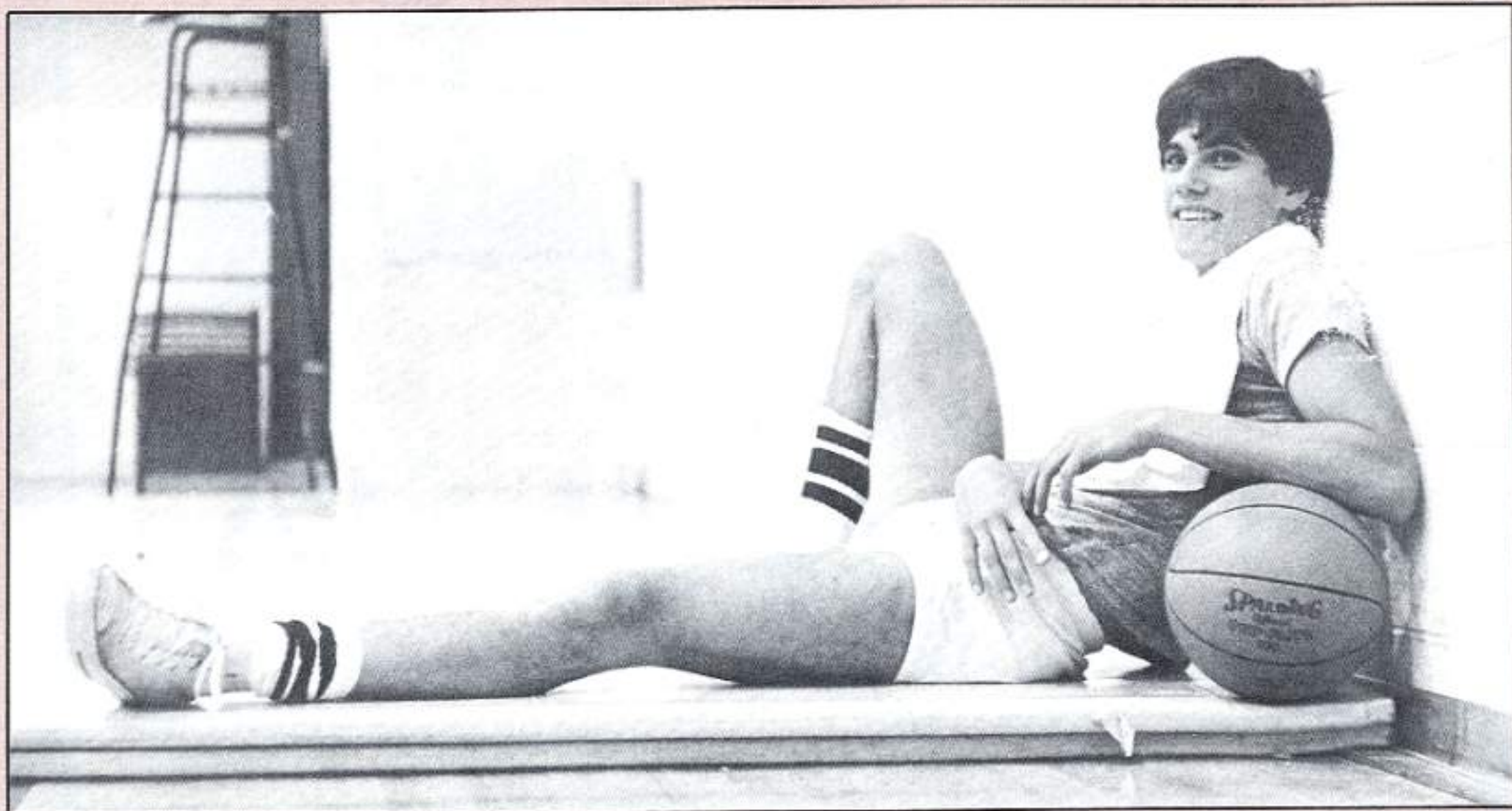
There's more than meets the eye in college sports, of course, and his shortness next to giant jocks — and his naivete — are not necessarily advantages on the court. That innocence, though, as Jeff Bridges and other young male stars have found, is an advantage on the screen. And here it never works better — whether it's with girls (Annette O'Toole is great as his tutor/lover), or drugs

(and when he innocently pops an upper and plays it like a Mexican jumping bean, it's hilarious).

Other than Benson's obvious good looks (if you're into cute, lovable 18-year-old-jocks) and the antics of athletes of all shapes and sizes, this low-budget but highly entertaining movie has lots going for it. Great moving images by director Lamont Johnson, fine music by Charles Fox and Paul Williams (sung by Seals & Crofts), and most important of all, the irresistible appeal of one's determination to become a winner against all odds (*Rocky*, what have you wrought?). Today's audiences just love to see the underdog win, and Warners no doubt had a sleeper on its hands

with this one. This one has legs, as they say in show biz — not just those of the athletes, but at the box-office. And if a sequel isn't already in the works by the time you read this, at least we can look forward to more of Benson and O'Toole. Both are destined for stardom. A must-see.

Writer/director James Bridges (*Paper Chase*) has taken on a real challenge with Universal's 9/30/55, which should be in the theaters as you read this. That was the date of James Dean's death, and this autobiographically inspired mood piece deals with the effects of the rebel hero's demise on some college students in a small town, and in particular on star Richard Thomas



Robby Benson rests between takes on the set of Warner Bros.' *One on One*.

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(Bridges?). When he was readying his very personal film, Bridges had been advised by many to leave Thomas and his *Waltons* image be and pick someone less identifiable with sugar-and-spice to play the rebel hero of this picture. But Bridges stuck to his guns and, in the long run, it was a wise choice. Thomas, when given the chance (as in his first teenager rebel role in *Last Summer*) can act up a storm and cry like nobody's business, and it is he who makes this picture work. In these days of multimillion dollar "action" pictures, it's rare to find a small "mood" piece at all, so the picture is a welcome relief. It might just catch on at the boxoffice (if Universal knows how to sell it) — but to associate it with that studio's hit *American Graffiti* would be a mistake — in fact, here there is barely a recognizable tune of the of the era. So much for the soundtrack record. There is much to identify with for all of us, even if '55 wasn't exactly our year — the underage drinking spree, the awakening sexual urges, the necking spot near the graveyard (and/or the "haunted house" for some of us) — and it's all here, captured beautifully as always by cinematographer Gordon Willis. Though the parallelism of Dean's story in *East of Eden* is strained somewhat in the tragedy that befalls Thomas, Bridges nearly pulls it off — and in doing so insures himself a place among Hollywood's most promising filmmakers. And Thomas shows once again what he can — and will — do now that he's cutting the *Waltons* apron strings.

— John Roberts

BOOKS

Best current gay book buys I've seen (being unable to get review copies from all publishers) are in paperback reprints: John Reid's *The Best Little Boy In The World* at \$1.75 from Ballantine — a sparkling coming-out account; Karla Jay and Allen Young's *After You're Out*, \$1.95 from Pyramid — lively but uneven collection of radical perspectives on gay problems, with outdated organizational addresses; and Bantam's *Fancy Dancer*, \$1.95; Patricia Nell Warren's love story about a Montana priest and an Indian cyclist.

A Family Matter: A Parent's Guide to Homosexuality, by Dr. Charles Silverstein (McGraw-Hill, \$8.95, 214 pgs.), is a moving but

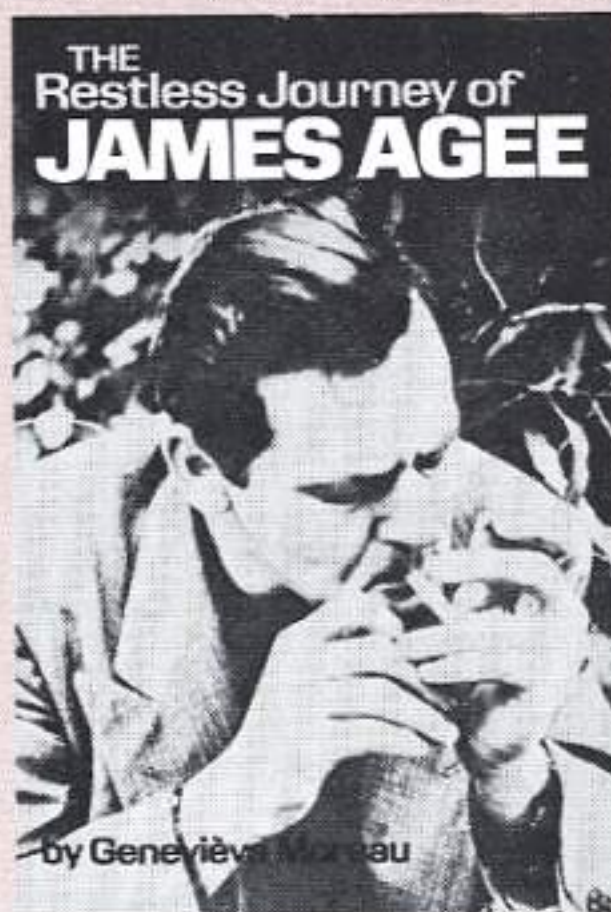
somewhat square argument urging parents to be supportive of their gay children. Generally sound advice, including hints to gays on how to tell their families, aside from mailing them this book. Strong, contrasting accounts of how four families responded. Talks down too often.

An especially good description of a New York meeting of Parents of Gays rattles off several inaccuracies about the gay movement and milieu:

He says no gay movement existed in New York 15 years ago (Mattachine and Daughters of Bilitis were active if small); that police entrapment has ended (that'd be news to several hundred gays a month); that few large-city gays 15 years ago missed such police attentions (only a fraction of open gays ever got busted — though many were shrivelled by the fear of it); that two men living together then would have been a sure giveaway, with inevitable job-loss and ostracism (many suffered such penalties and many more feared them, but many others did live together without penalty and often without attracting suspicion.)

The outpouring of gay poetry books continues:

Harold Nourse's *Carnivorous Saint* (Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco 94140, \$5.95, 240 pgs., \$15 hardcover) is a hefty and varied collection of 35 years of gay writing by a poet who came out in company with Vidal, Williams,



Goodman, Baldwin, et al. Lots of sexy illustrations from many sources, including several fine montages by Nourse.

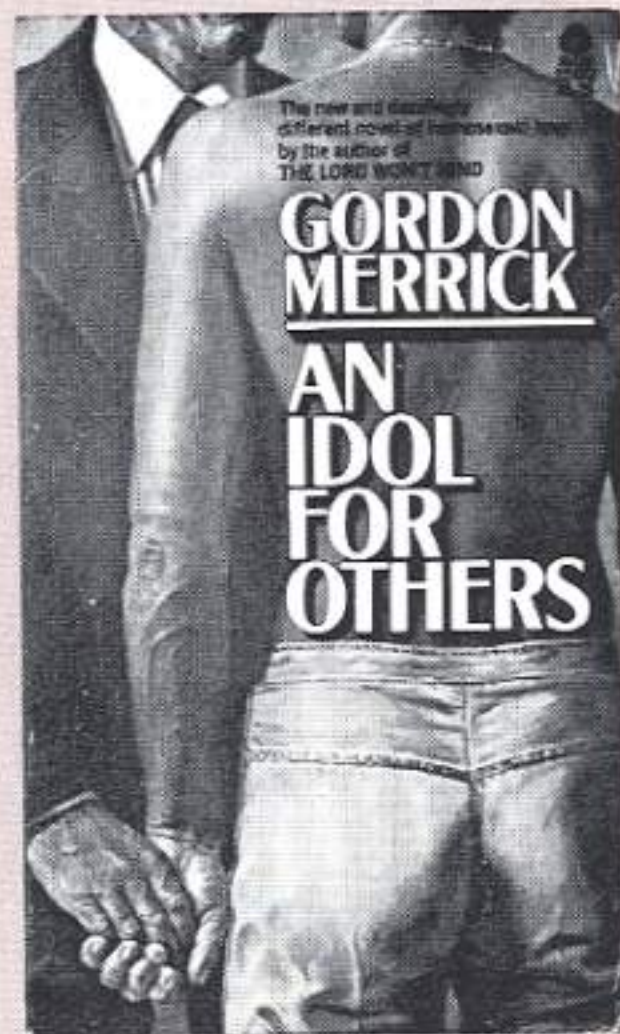
*"I want to pull your nipples
And make them explode
I want to shove between your legs
The live firecracker
of my needy flesh . . ."*

A widely varied feast of gutsy and lucid bursts of of gay rage, uninhibited sexuality, whimsy, antic humor and compassion . . .

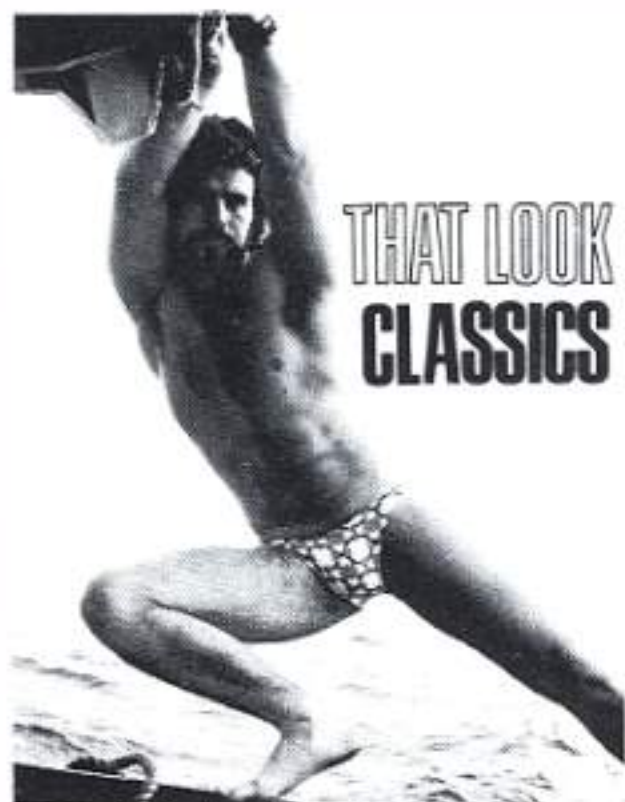
Ed Cox's thinner collection, *Walking*, also from Gay Sunshine Press (\$2.50, 48 pgs.) shows other glints of gay feeling, fine images and raw force, but insufficient control, I think, of how his words flow. For greater depth and intensity try Judith Crew's *The Ancient & Other Poems* (Catalyst, 315 Blantyre Ave, Scarborough, Ont., \$3.50, 62 pgs.), a starspun extravaganza.

And Else Gidlow's evocative *Sapphic Songs* (Diana Press, 12 W. 25th St. Baltimore, MD 21218, \$3.50, 79 pgs.), a gentle collection of 60 years of her verse on lesbian feeling, accompanied by several soft photos of Gidlow, whose first book of verse was published the year I was born.

Readers tend either to swear by or to swear at Gordon Merrick



novels. *An Idol For Others* (Avon paperback original, \$2.25, 437 pgs.) was my first dip into this boiling pot. A readable though never exactly compelling account of Walter Makin, hard-driving and fairly square theatrical boy wonder now grown old enough to be honored as Father of the Year, just about to dive into a homosexual liason which may threaten his established pattern of keeping males a minor diversion



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while he sticks chiefly to the straight and narrow, so to speak.

A genius of a stage director/producer, Makin has captured a socially prominent wife and shunted her into the background. In the first half of the long novel, the hetero sex scenes are the more protracted and the better described. His decision to come out is a bit late....

James Agee was such a wonder-kind of writing, chiefly film criticism. He worked nine years for *Time*, wrote a few fine film scripts, three great pieces of fiction (*Morning Watch*, *A Mother's Tale* and *A Death in the Family*) and left two other books *Letters to Father Flye* and *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* before his early death in 1955. French scholar Genvieve Moreau has produced a workmanlike, sometimes pedantic critical biography in *The Journey of James Agee*, (Wm. Morrow, \$10.95, 320 pgs.)

Agee as a writer seemed always to strain at the intolerable bounds of hetero conformity without ever being able to make the jump over to gayness. Moreau shows this clearly, though I doubt she is ever conscious of it. Good reading about a fine writer, though most readers would be well advised to explore Agee directly first. A fine book, but Agee deserves better.

— Jim Kepner

MUSIC

'Fist' Goodbody's *Traveling Torture Show* (Hot Waffle) is the album which does not answer the question, "Who is 'Fist' Goodbody?" No personnel are identified. A hunky blond nude in glitter beams from the cover, whip in hand. The liner quotes offer such philosophic gems as "Love and Trust may be the ties that bind, but in the absence of these you will find rawhide strips and clothesline rope to be just as reliable."

Though the album promises to inform of the alternative joys of S&M, no such evangelic aims emerge. It is simply two sides of extended inspirational background music and sounds for keeping it up over the long haul in the basement torture chamber.

Side One, "Warmin' Up," is a continuous series of tones and groans in which pain and pleasure are closely enough related to be a general turn-on. Side Two, "Doin' It," may or may not be catnip for the hardcore fans. I can't vouch for that. All I heard was terror. All it inspired was concern, so it managed

to be a rather thorough turn-off. Or possibly just a rip-off. It may be an old-fashioned notion, but we figure with sex, if it isn't in the mind and body, it can't be generated solely from the turn-table.

The only virtues of the single record *Stand Up For Your Rights* by the International Gay Society (Equal Rights Records) are its intention and its existence. It consists of mix-and-match rock cliches to a listless rock beat. If you had it as an anthem for your group, it might gain the passions of your cause. It could hardly inspire any of its own. There is a need and an audience for strong, well-written gay-themed contemporary songs. The emphasis finally is on "strong" and "well-written." Anything short of that is no more than an unnegotiable token.

A far more transparent bit of merchandising is the reissue of the single record, *Toi* (Nelson Barry Recordings). In 1974, French singer Jean Paul Vignon hired relatively unknown actress Farrah Fawcett to breathlessly echo an English language translation to his singing of the French lyric. The master went begging through the offices of the major record labels until Nelson Barry, hip to Ms. Fawcett-Majors' emergence as the windblown star of television's "Charlie's Angels" and Wella commercials, pressed five thousand copies for sale via mail order. Sales were so brisk, he has pressed 100,000 more. For the die-hard fan and the collector of curiosa only.

The musical revue has not been thriving in recent years, so Richard Maltby Jr. and David Shire's *Starting Here, Starting Now* (RCA Victor) is an even more pleasing arrival than it might otherwise be. The Off-Broadway show was a compilation of songs such as the title hit, which was written for Barbra Streisand, and others written by the team for musicals which never got to Broadway. As brightly performed by original cast members Loni Ackerman, Margery Cohen, and George Lee Andrews, they confirm that the team is one of the best story-conscious songwriting duos on the scene today. However, it also becomes clear why those aborted Broadway vehicles may have failed to go the distance. Though the songs are thematically rich and flavorful in character and wit, they are not the sort of memorable melodies which carry audiences from a theater humming.

With One More Look At You (RCA Victor) is the best Jack Jones album in much too long. Jones, who

had the misfortune to arrive on the scene as one of the best practitioners of a musical tradition that was already in the midst of giving way to the rock era. has matured well. The new album also reveals that, at least temporarily, the voice has gone.

With meticulous phrasing and understanding of every lyric, Jones carries each song to fulfillment with grace. He does not allow the orchestra to cheat over his voice where the power is missing, as Tony Bennett has for so many years. Within the limits and acceptance of them, this is an album of great integrity. So much so that such pandering to the country market as "Dixie Chicken" and "Cajun Song" really don't have a place here, even if Jones performed them well. The title song is from *A Star Is Born*, a score that was not widely embraced by critics upon its release but which appears to have any number of evergreens available for years to come. Our favorite track is "Belonging" by Bread's David Gates.

Another durable survivor, who suffered even greater pains of his instant celebrity, is **B. J. Thomas**, solidly and surely back in the groove on his new MCA collection, which includes "Don't Worry Baby," "It's Sad To Belong" and "Still The Lovin' is Fun," among other recent hits. Thomas attributes the maturity as well as the survival to his having become a "born-again Christian." The album is a fairly strong endorsement of the rewards of his belief.

Blue, which toured with Kiki Dee and came under the wing of Elton John, has the easy flow of Bread without the latter group's occasional excess of sentimentality. **Another Night Time Flight** (MCA) finds them airborne again on the solid wings of Hugh Nicholson tunes, in an album that is very much a celebration of the sort of friendship shared by the quartet. That rapport informs the lyrics and illuminates the musical blend of this eminently listenable set.

—Damon West



SALT LAKE CITY

Theater 138 (138 S. 2nd E.) is liberated territory, representing one of the progressive elements in Salt Lake City. Founded in 1967, it has as its goal the production of Broadway, Off-Broadway and new plays by local

playwrights. It has continually sought to lead the way toward a professional theater in Utah. It is called a semi-professional theater, however, since its actors are not paid. But it is the closest thing we have to a professional theater in Utah. All other theater is done by college and university students.

During the season just ended, Theater 138 presented *The Threepenny Opera* by Bertolt Brecht, *The Torch-Bearers* by George Kelly, and *Tobacco Road* by Erskine Caldwell. *The Threepenny Opera* was a successful and charming musical comedy. *The Torch-Bearers*, supposedly a comedy, caused me to scream in five languages: "I am bored! I am bored!" *Tobacco Road* was masterful. It was done with just the right blend of humor and sensitivity.

Theater 138 will present Woody Allen's *Don't Drink the Water* starting Sept. 29. *Equus* by Peter Schaffer will open Nov. 3. Also in the fall, Theater 138 will do three plays by local playwrights.

The **Pioneer Memorial Theater** on the University of Utah campus will run *Fiddler in the Roof* Sept. 29 - Oct. 15 and Moliere's *The Misanthrope* will play Nov. 3-19.

The **Babcock Theater**, located in the same building as Pioneer Memorial Theater, will present Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* Nov. 3-5, *Moses* Nov. 17-19, and *Stop the World I Want to Get Off* Dec. 1-3.

For those interested in experimental theater, there's the **Geology 202 Lab Theater** also on the University of Utah campus which will present original plays by students. Call 581-6961 for information.

Passing to the gay scene, the **Radio City Lounge** (147 S. State St.) and the **Sun Tavern** (1 S. 4th W.), the two principal gay bars, have been holding drag shows and talent contests. The Sun has also brought in bands such as Cow Jazz for entertainment. There's a new gay private club called the **Come Back**, located between 5th and 6th S. on 3rd W. I don't have any reason to recommend it at this time.

The **Munch Shoppe** (371 S. West Temple) is a new eatery, providing a relaxing place for young gays who can't go to the bars as well as for older gays and liberated straights. Super sandwiches, drinks and salads.

Undoubtedly a number of beer busts will be held during the summer in City Creek Canyon. For information, ask at the Sun or the Radio City Lounge or call the **Gay Hotline**, 533-0927.

— Glen Greene

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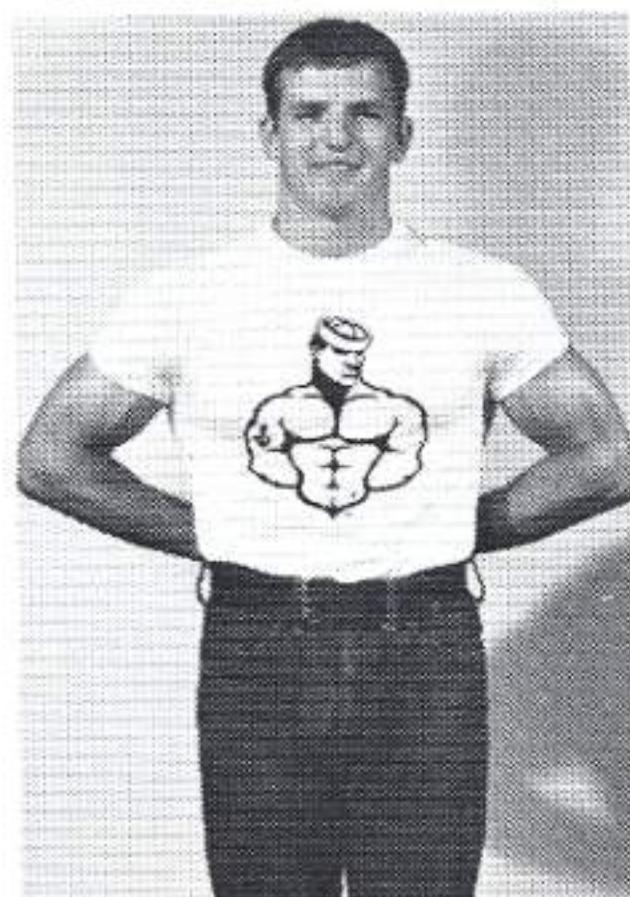


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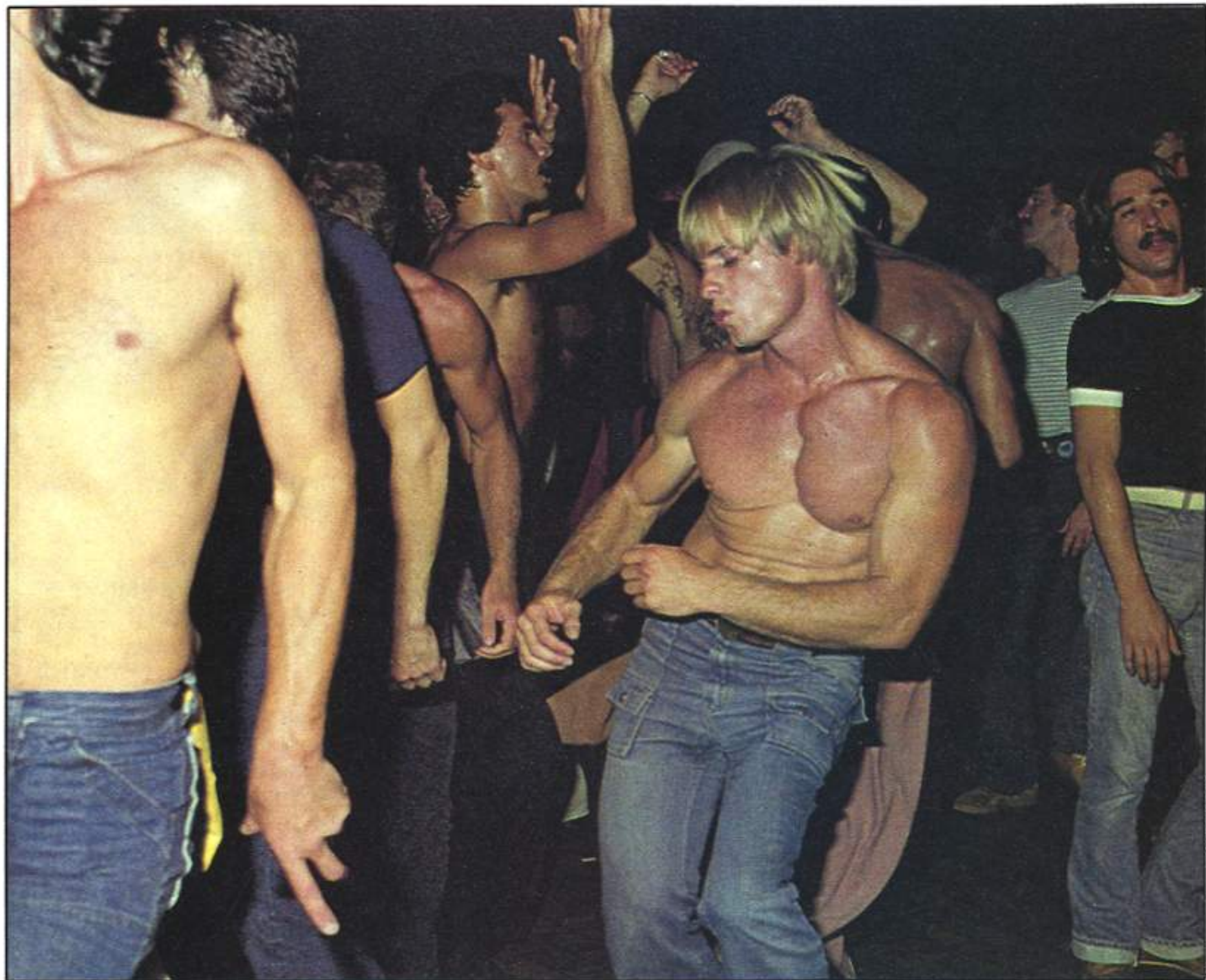
In the wake of the Dade County disaster, several new works have popped up in Los Angeles theaters dealing with gay and/or human rights issues. Two of these seem to be more or less in direct response to Anita Bryant's hate campaign, but the other is coincidental and reflects the growing concern over individual rights in general.

The most successful of the gay-themed works is Paul Pagano's *Funny How We Look At Each Other* at La Mama Hollywood. The play

belief that a romantic relationship must lead to procreation and the family unit.

Pagano has not yet gone into this theme in any real depth, but several well-written scenes indicate that he could eventually have an excellent play. It's a problem that needs to be explored and, hopefully, Pagano will go on to do so. The La Mama Hollywood production, directed by Robert Peters, is very uneven, but it has enough going for it to warrant a visit. Excellent performances are given by Dale Reynolds and John Robbins, who bring sensitivity and tenderness to their roles of the lov-

with *Joseph McCarthy Is Alive and Living in Dade County* at the Callboard Theatre. As much as one wants to admire the intentions behind this musical revue written and directed by Ray Scantlin, it's dreadful. The sketches, many of which are not especially original, appear to have been written without much thought and Scantlin has his actors mug their way through them in an obvious attempt to add interest and humor to the flat script. Also, the basic thrust of some of the material is rather fuzzy and several scenes almost seem to be a putdown of gay lifestyles. In any case, forget this



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is sketchily developed and still needs a lot of work, but it begins to explore the interesting and very relevant dilemma of a man who has a male lover but who cannot accept his gayness. His problem is that he wants to have a son, and the play begins to deal with the anguish that can stem from society's outdated

ers, and by Ron Recasner as a gay man who has a son by an earlier marriage. Less successful is Bob Hunter's awkward performance of the screaming-queen neighbor, a character that is overdone but seems compulsory for gay-themed plays.

The extraordinary Theatre Co. has also jumped on the bandwagon

because it does nothing to progress either gay rights or good theater.

For another view of a struggle for human rights, the Mark Taper Forum opened its 11th season at the Music Center with a stirring production of Ntozake Shange's *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow*

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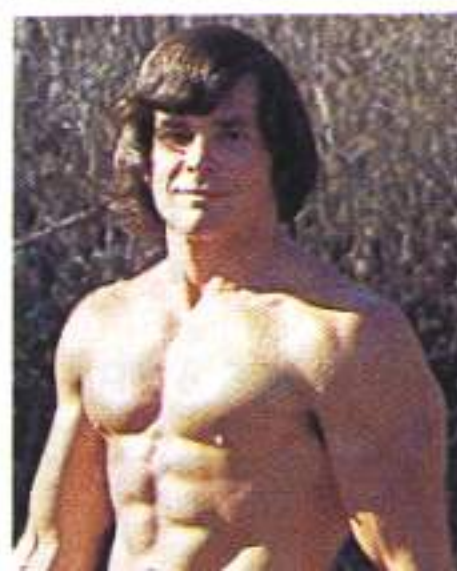
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Is Enuf. While this "chorcopoem"—a series of poetic vignettes that have been staged by director Oz Scott and choreographer Paula Moss—deals with the specific and often painful experiences of a black woman trying to find herself, it is filled with a humanity that should touch all audiences.

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On the smaller-theater scene, the Colony at the Studio Theatre Playhouse has come up with a dazzling production of Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles*. Produced, directed and designed by Terrence Shank, this is an incredibly imaginative theatrical event that should not be missed.

On the nightclub scene, Studio One's Backlot Room continues to be the place. Eartha Kitt recently filled the room with her unique and sexy brand of music and tongue-in-cheek humor and was immediately brought back for an additional two-week engagement. Other attractions include: Mimi Hines, Sept. 13-25; Helen Schneider, Sept. 27- Oct. 9, and Jane Olivor, Oct. 25- Nov. 6.

—Ron Englert

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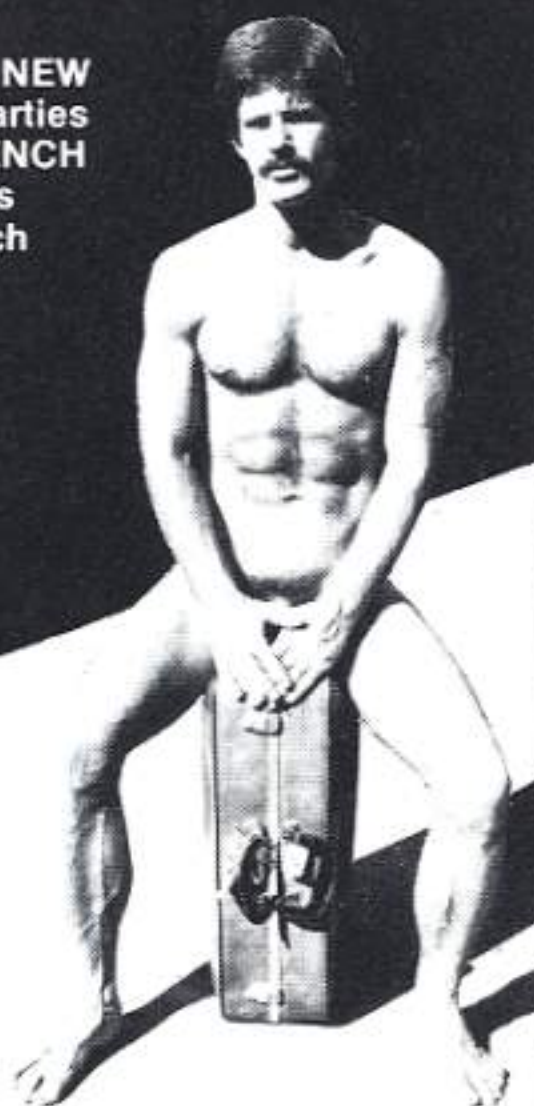
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CHICAGO

One of Chicago's New Town discos went gay over the summer. Blinkers, 3153 N. Broadway, has been renamed Crystal's Blinkers after its new manager, Robie Crystal, formerly a bartender at Shari's, 2901 N. Clark. "Hot" is the word for the overflowing crowds and streamlined decor accented by mirrors. A quiet lounge dominates the main level while a sparkingly lit plexiglass dance area governs the second floor. Owner Elly Cook is also the proprietor of Elly's, 3126 N. Broadway—a casual restaurant featuring delicious burgers. If the initial crowd's size is any indication of what's ahead, the usually brisk fall weather will, undoubtedly, sizzle.

Another New Town bar gone gay is the Brownstone, 435 W. Diversey. Located in an actual three-story brownstone building, the establishment is owned by Danny Reiley, also the owner of LePub, 1944 N. Clark, and Alfie's, 900 N. Rush. At press time, this small lounge occupies only the building's bottom level, but plans for the other floors

tentatively include a restaurant. Judging from the success of the owner's other two establishments, the Brownstone will probably uphold the respected reputation.

Despite a funky neon decor, La Vipere, 2132 N. Halstead, never caught on with the gay community after its opening last summer. After suffering hard times, the bar has been converted into one of Chicago's first Punk Rock arenas. No longer exclusively gay, the clientele, dripping with glitter and make-up, now includes anyone.


Chicago's most noteworthy businessman, Chuck Renslow, recently purchased the Northside Auditorium Building, 3730 N. Clark. Although this four-story structure presently houses the Victory Gardens theater, Renslow was unsure at press time what he would do with this upcoming gay entertainment center. Renslow's other properties include the Gold Coast, 501 N. Clark, and Man's Country Baths, 5015 N. Clark.

For appetizing dining, the River's Edge Restaurant, 325 N. Wells, should prove delightful. The service is quick; the food, featuring Gyros sandwiches, is delicious and reasonably priced; and the eatery has a respectable, but often eye-appealing businessmen lunch crowd. Don't hesitate to dress casually and if the weather is warm, ask for an outdoor table overlooking the Chicago River on the Downtown's north edge.

For those venturing from their Weight Watcher's diets, the Land of Oz, 2655 N. Clark, provides a mouth-watering array of sandwiches and ice cream treats. With its cozy, old fashioned ice cream parlor setting, the Land of Oz opens every day except Monday at noon and closes at 11 p.m. weekdays; midnight Friday and Saturday.

Because Chicago lacks those notorious back room bars, our adult bookstore-movie arcades often see more action than the tubs. After the Anita Bryant fiasco and a *Chicago Tribune* report ridiculously linking gays with child pornography, many of these bookstores have been closed because of "building code violations." Enter at your own risk, but feel safe and secure at the Machine Shop, 504 N. Clark, across the street from the Gold Coast Levi-leather bar. It features a friendly staff, numerous private movie booths and the latest gay magazines and newspapers, along with those renowned toys and novelties.


—Bill Lumen



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ATLANTA

With our national holiday (Halloween) coming up fast, most of the bars are planning festivities to make the occasion more festive.

Stephen's Saloon, (1833 Peachtree) got the jump on everyone back in midsummer, when they added costuming to make Sunday "Krazy Daze" a little krazier. Each week the bartenders dress in a different motif. One week it's an "Our Gang" comedy, the next week they're 50's greasers, the next week beach boys....Next week, who knows? Even without the drink specials, it would be worth a trip over to see.

"*Fortune and Men's Eyes*, starring Joe Ward (I.T. #31) and presented at the Sweet Gum Head (2284 Cheshire Bridge Rd.), sold out its four scheduled weeks and had to be held over. The reviews, even in the normally homophobic dailies, were ecstatic. There was praise for the entire cast—which included, besides Ward, Clayton Landey, Gideon Fletcher, Jim Peck and Jim Canada, who gave the best performance of all as "Mona"—and for director Howard Brunner.

In the opening night audience for *Fortune* was the original "Queenie," Michael Greer, who was in town to inaugurate a "name" entertainment policy at a new club, **Gabriel** (785 W. Peachtree).

Greer, at a party in his honor at **Encore** (845 Peachtree), told of having his understudy stand in for him in the brief long shot of frontal nudity in the film version of *Fortune*: "He was a nice man...straight... but he was so small—I should have auditioned him!"

When they were shooting the picture in Canada, the cast met the author, John Herbert. (As a convicted felon, Herbert can't come into the U.S.) "He made an entrance," Greer says, "with rings on every finger and a big white fur, and I knew that was the real Queenie! But he says he based 'Mona' on himself." Greer's expression shows he doesn't believe it.

Although he's trying to push himself as a singer-songwriter in the Barry Manilow vein, Greer's act has not changed much in the past three years. The highlights are still "Mona Lisa" and "Tallulah in Heaven," and he still shows a quick wit and a quicker grasp of the city he's playing in.

He also travels with a beautiful road manager named Matt, who doubles as a light man.

Another landmark gone: The wrecking ball is poised over Loew's Grand Theater, 157 Peachtree, where *Gone with the Wind* premiered in 1939.

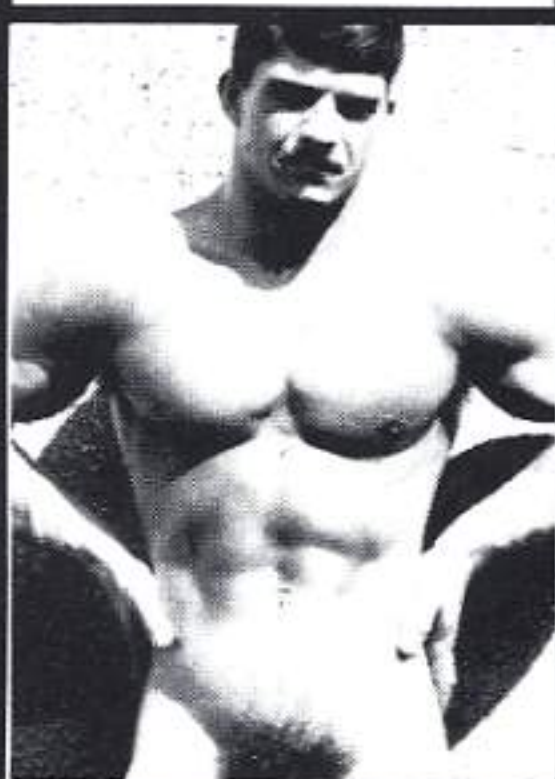
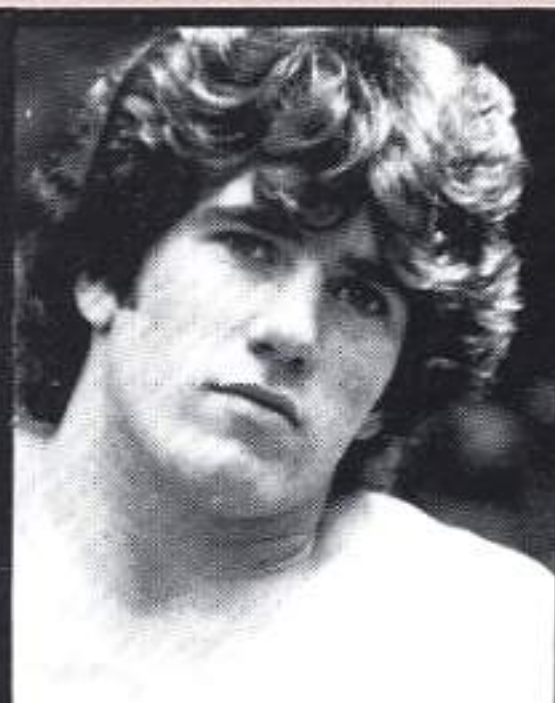
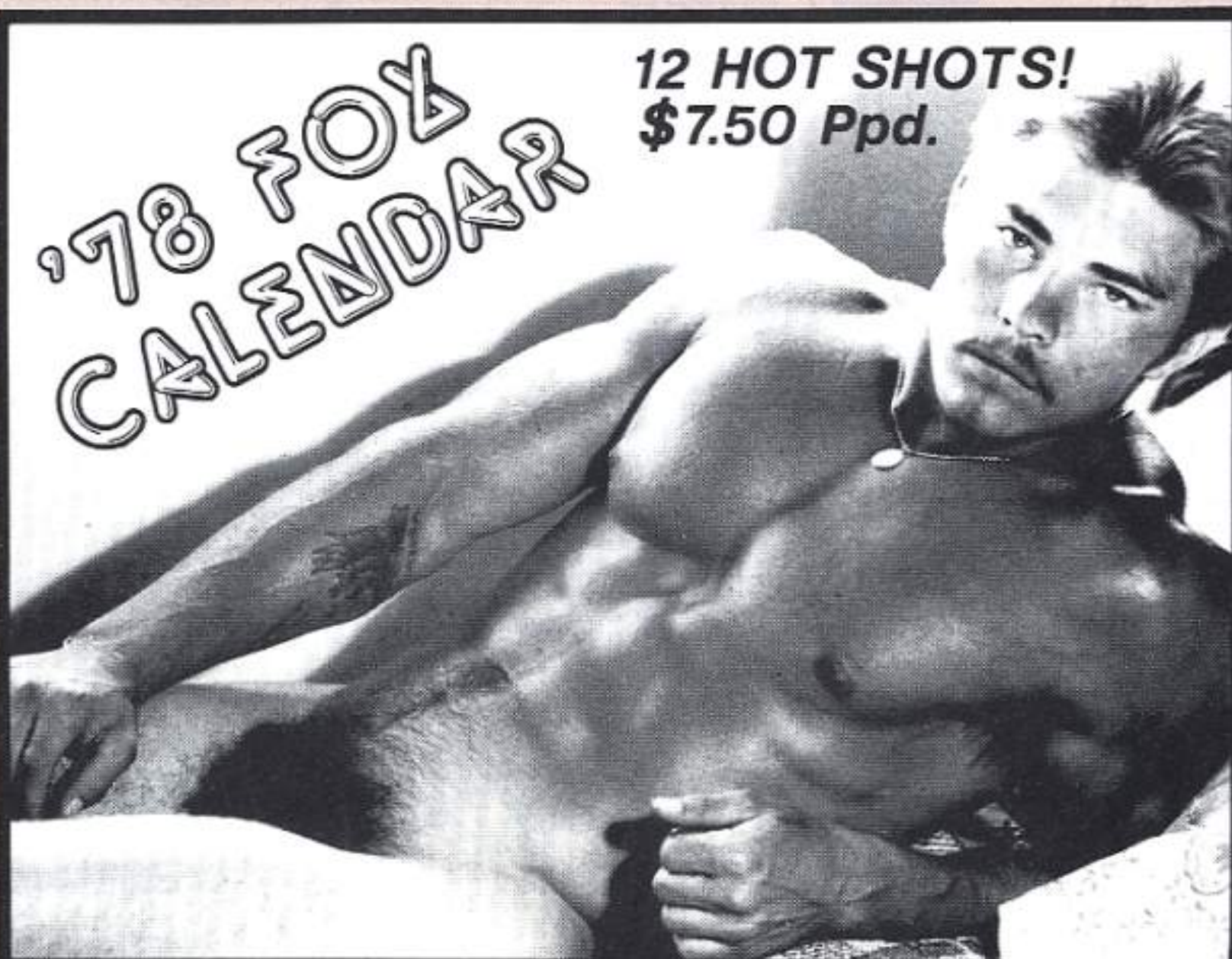
Jan Peerce, long past his prime, embarrassed himself in the Georgia Opera Company production of *Rigoletto* and bowed out before the second performance: "illness" was the official excuse. (That same week, Rock Hudson blamed his bad singing in *Camelot* on a "sore throat," but he had no excuse for his bad acting!) Atlanta's Barbara Campbell and Peter Harrower were the saving graces of the production. All in all, the Company shows potential, if they'll use more wisdom in casting.

Music Director Robert Shaw is conducting fewer Atlanta Symphony concerts this season; so those of Oct. 20-23 (Brahms' *Requiem*), Nov. 10-12 and Dec. 16-18 (Christmas Festival) will be special occasions. Symphony Hall is in the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center, 15th and Peachtree.

Also in the Arts Center is the Alliance Theatre Company, which welcomes Bernard Havard as managing

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director for the new season. It begins in November with a play to be announced, followed by Phillip Pleasants in *A Christmas Carol*. *Vanities* was a great finale to last season, its 3-week run being extended for over 3 months.

Kathryn (Mrs. Bing) Crosby re-

opened the *Harlequin Dinner Theatre* (Peachtree at Piedmont) in a dismal "comedy," *The Latest Mrs. Adams*. I startled her at a press conference by bringing up her Baptist upbringing and connection with orange juice commercials to ask whether the similarity to Anita Bryant

ends there. Her answer indicated that it does. A month later she thanked me for raising her consciousness on the subject, because the question had come up again, a lot less politely, in Ohio.

Hunky Wayne Nidiffer, a new face in local competition, was named "Mr. Club Baths Atlanta 1978" in a contest at Sweet Gum Head which concluded the bath's 3-day anniversary celebration. Ted Stephenson and Gary Wright were runners-up. Another highlight of the weekend was a poolside luau and show which included a "water ballet." (Esther Williams, eat your heart out!)

Harry Chapin has a concert scheduled at the Civic Center (Piedmont at Forrest) Oct. 28. Neil Sedaka sings there Nov. 19.

Rather than pass on rumors and plans that may not work out, let me just say that I hope to be able to tell you in the next issue about four new cabarets opening here this fall. When it rains, it pours.

It doesn't rain much in Atlanta in the fall; so if winter's already hit where you are, come on down—we've got a few good weeks left.

—Steve Warren

(continued on page 82)



Photo by Steve Warren

"Mr. Club Baths Atlanta 1978" winners (l.-r.) Ted Stephenson, Wayne Nidiffer, Gary Wright.

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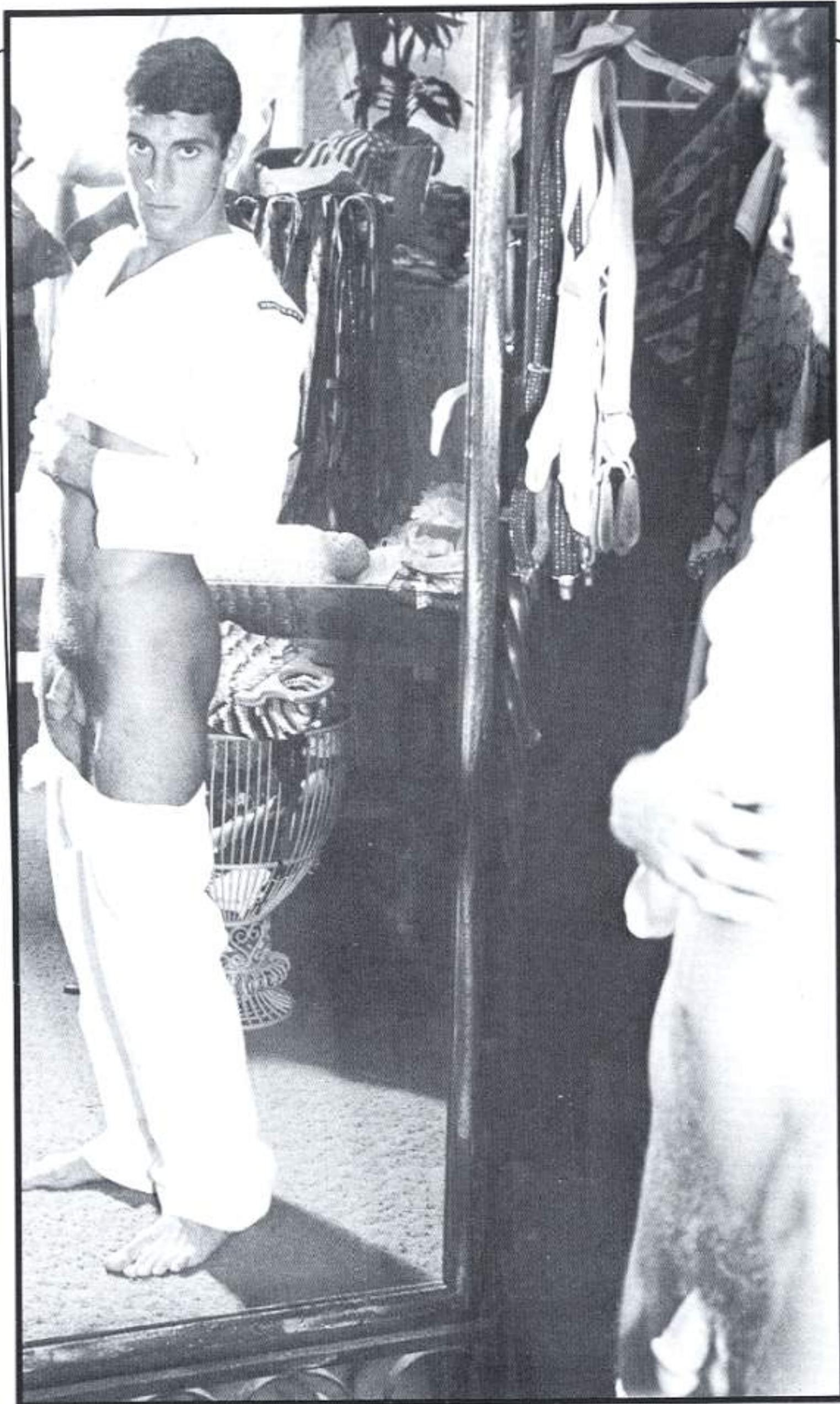
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM YOUSLING

Aaron Taylor

Lots of 21-year-olds hope to turn his into reality. Aaron has his eye on the music scene, from the club to the theater, such as "Clothes." Still, for some romanticist, Aaron's got his heart from running away

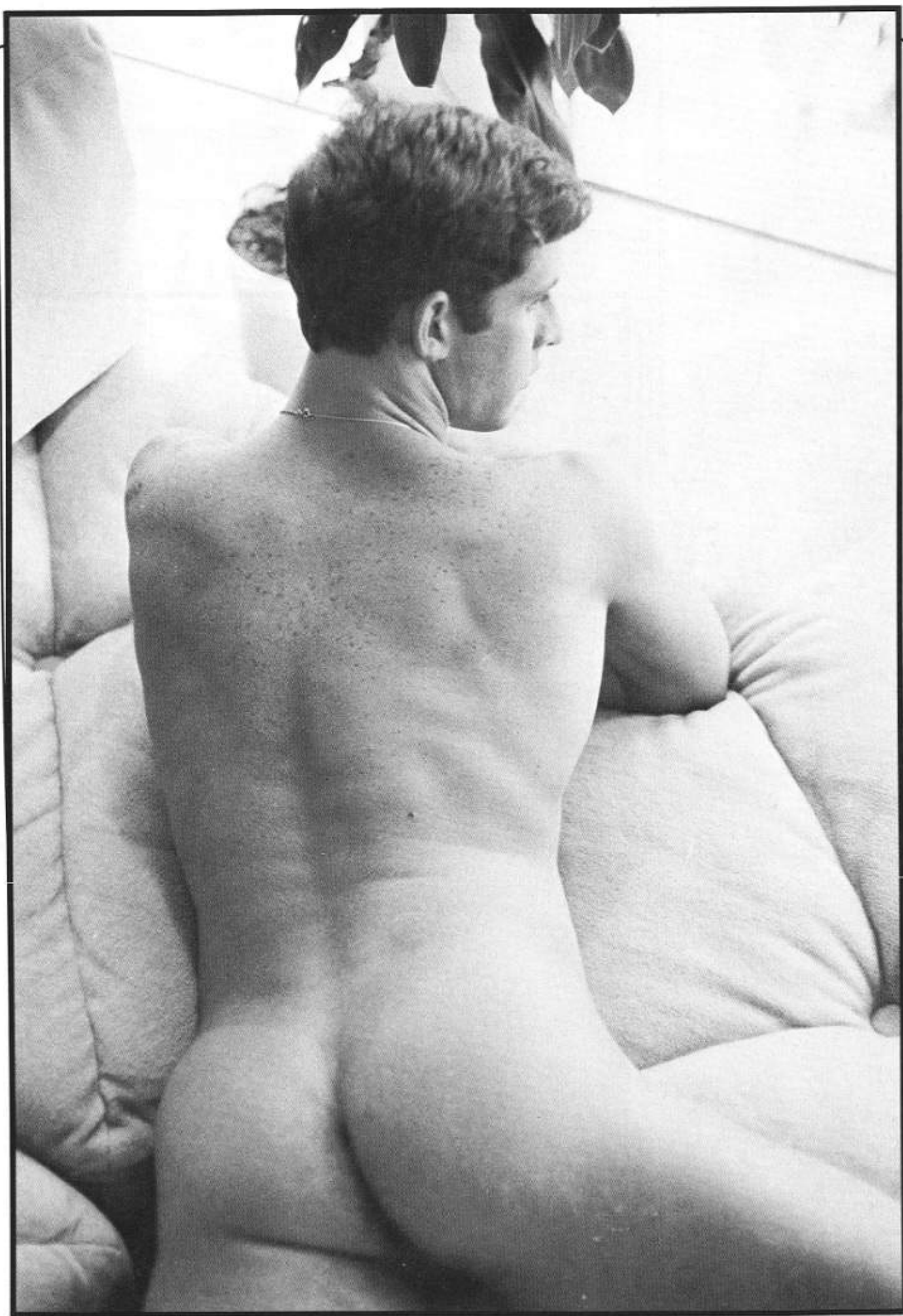


Lots of 21-year-olds have a dream, but Aaron Taylor is working hard to turn his into reality. A dancer who loves to perform, this 6', 155# Taurus has his eye on the musical theater. Even his relaxation is often geared to the theater, such as trying on outfits at Los Angeles' "Yesterday's Clothes." Still, for someone who considers himself sentimental and a romanticist, Aaron's got a strong streak of practicality that keeps his heart from running away with his head. You'll be seeing more of him.

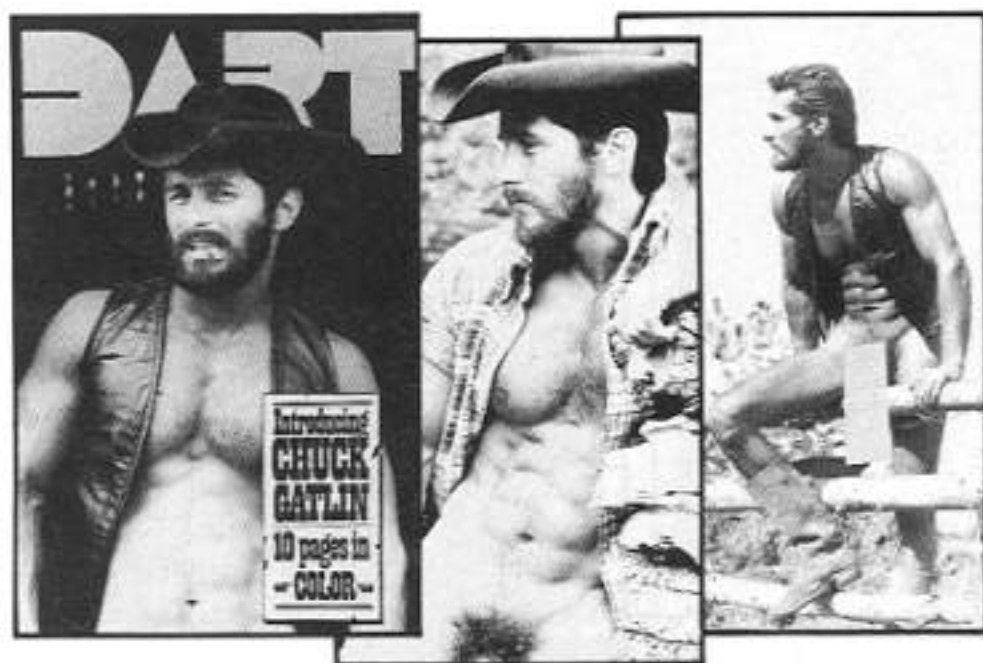








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Bette Midler



Tab Hunter

Photo by Charlie Airwaves

Andy Warhol's Pat Ast



Photo by Charlie Airwaves



September 18, 1977, was such a night at the jammed-to-capacity Hollywood Bowl. The purpose of the evening, billed as a Human Rights Concert, was to raise funds to fight bigotry through a campaign of education aimed at straight attitudes toward gays. Though marred by a few unfortunate incidents, the fact that so many prominent men and women stood up to be counted on the side of gay rights made it a milestone in



Dr. Timothy Leary

the struggle for equality for all people. It was a first, but it won't be the last!

Lily Tomlin



Photo by Charlie Airwaves

Photo by Charles Adams

The Modest Mr. (Johnny Wadd) Holmes

IN WHICH
A PORN SUPERSTAR
CLEARS UP SOME
CONFUSION — AND
CREATES A LOT MORE.

BY JOHN ROBERTS

IT: When did you realize you had this talent?

JH: I never recognized it as a talent.

IT: Well, as a natural asset — and using it to your advantage. When and where did you start your career?

JH: When I was about 16, in Paris, I worked in a bordello. I lived with the madam of a whorehouse just outside of Paris, and I was her private piece. She fixed me up with some of the female customers who came in

IT: Females came into a bordello?

JH: Oh, gawd, yes — for lesbian situations and whatever. And the madam'd say to them, "Listen, I know you're bisexual and I got a guy downstairs who likes to fuck." Anyway, she had me doing tricks. Old French women, old English women. And it was damn good money.

IT: You're bisexual.

JH: No, I'm straight. The girls who came in were bisexual. So I was, in effect, a whore. But I always loved being a whore. I think I was born a whore.

IT: It sounds like you enjoy it.

JH: Oh gawd! I would do nothing else, probably. It's interesting. Constant travel. New people. Good money. I make over . . . probably a couple thousand dollars a year. (Laughter)

IT: So you were a whore in Paris — about what year?

JH: '60. I went back and forth several times.

IT: You don't make it with men.

JH: Never. No desire to.

IT: Never made it in a film with a man.

JH: If I had an urge or a desire . . . next month . . . next year . . . five years . . . if an urge came over me to try it and it was really a compulsion that I really wanted to find out what it was like, I'd do it. I mean, I'm a blatant slut. So whatever comes, comes naturally. I wouldn't be ashamed of it.

IT: But yet you're marketing your products through IN TOUCH and other gay media. . . .

JH: Oh, yes. The photos that I sell are promotional — it's promoting my name. People have them in their homes. They show them to other people. So these sets . . . I'm paying for envelopes, paying for a secretary to put them out, paying for postage, paying for the photos,

for the photographer's time, for my time and involvement. It breaks about even. I don't make any money off them.

IT: At this point, are you involved in the production of your own home movies?

JH: Oh, gawd, yeah! 70mm reduced to 35, 3D's. . . get almost any big metropolitan newspaper. In the adult movie section, look for John C. Holmes' films. *Liquid Lips*; *Tell Them Johnny Wadd Is Here*. I've done seventeen 35s

IT: What about your other names?

JH: Johnny Wadd — that's a detective series, that's not me. I'm in the middle of six right now. I've done 2,272 films in eleven years. We were shooting three films a day for two solid years. 8s, loops, 16s

IT: Do you see any end to all this?

JH: I believe that when Man becomes totally asexual and never fucks anymore, either for regeneration or for kicks, I think *then* pornography would be unpopular.

IT: Then you plan to keep doing this for a long, long time.

JH: Until I feel like quitting.

IT: You don't have any desire to go to a legit career?

JH: I am legit. Porno's legit. Do you know what pornography grossed last year? 8.2 billion worldwide dollars were spent on pornographic material last year. That's about four and a half times the national gross deficit! I did a Playmate series — Playmate 7 and Playmate 11 — and it was a lucky combination. Number 7 has sold 9 million loops. Cheapest you can buy it is \$25 a whack. Number 11 has sold 12-and-a-half million loops at \$25 — two home movies!

IT: When you travel all around, that means you are making films?

JH: And tricks.

IT: For money.

JH: Oh, gawd! I wouldn't fuck for free!

IT: What type of woman would you consider having sex with?

JH: Ones that have vaginas, basically.

IT: And it doesn't matter what age?

JH: Basically, I like to keep 'em below 50 — but they're always over 18!

IT: You've probably tricked with quite a few very famous women.

JH: Oh, boy — hundreds. It's funny, but a lot of politicians like to have their wives seduced while they watch.

IT: It doesn't bother you if a person wants to do a voyeur trip and pay you to seduce his girlfriend?

JH: Oh, no — I do it all the time. I fly to England twice a year for just that purpose.

IT: Would you mind telling us how much this stud service costs?

JH: It varies. I never go to bed with someone who can't afford me. I don't go to bed with poor people because I can't see making love to some woman, or some guy's wife, or girlfriend, or daughter, when they have to go into their rent money to do it.

IT: You like rich people.

JH: No, rich people can afford me. I feel really bad fucking somebody who can't afford me. It's a luxury for the wealthy.

IT: And you treat them . . .

JH: Like people. Just treat 'em like people. Money doesn't make them any better than me. Or any worse than me.

IT: But you wouldn't be willing to tell us the least amount you'd take to go to bed with somebody?

JH: I'd say about six plane tickets a day. I average about six plane tickets a day. I get 200 letters a day. Out of that, 110 will be for free pictures. So I have a throw-away — an 8x10 black-and-white flat picture that I send. I don't sell these.

IT: A non-nude.

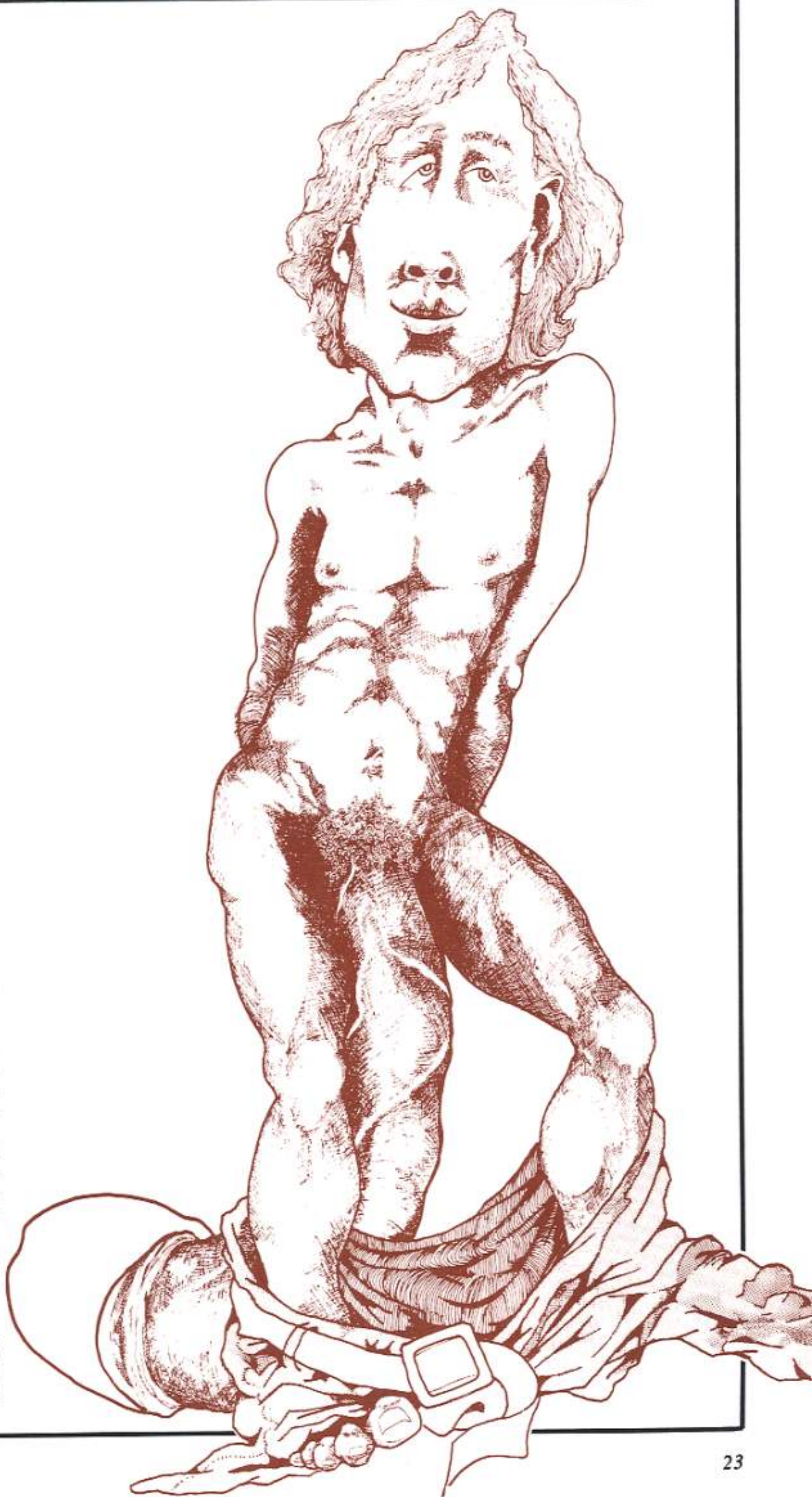
JH: Non. The nude they pay for. I've got 12 color glossies with me nude, solo, and 12 color glossies with me nude with 12 different girls I've worked with. So that's two different sets at \$10 a set. Now, by the time I've paid the postage, paid a secretary to help me work out a letter — because every letter I send out is hand-written; no brochure, because it's coming from me and I word it to the secretary. She writes it. I sign it and autograph the picture if that's what they want. I'm just defraying costs.

IT: So when you fly around to all these places, it's also to visit clients. You call them clients?

JH: No, I call them tricks.

IT: Sex stars must have a personal life — don't you ever get lonely?

(continued on page 78)



PEOPLEPEOPLEPEOPLE

ROBERT CAVALLARO

There are those among the regular patrons at Long Beach's popular disco, Ripples, who declare that Bob (Robert Lee) Cavallaro is not only one of the sexiest D.J.s in the area, but quite possibly the best. This marks a decided change from his bucolic childhood years in Warren, Michigan, when Bob was overweight, had a big nose,

wore braces, and was prey to every sickness that came down the pike. Those dreary days, his only joy was dancing. "I first went to dance class probably when I was about seven or eight, because all the girls in the neighborhood were going," he now recalls, breaking himself up with the unintentional ambiguity.

In 1965 he graduated high school,

and on Aug. 29th of that year, the day after he turned 18, he and a friend split for New York, Bob to attend the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and the friend to art school. "When we landed we installed ourselves in the 'Y' on 23rd St. And then, about six months later, I came out," he tells you quietly, carefully, George Hamilton eyebrows pulled together, making himself the butt of many of his remarks. "I guess I was so late coming out because I had always been so busy dancing with the girls. I was always just one of the girls."

Cavallaro wears a considerable amount of jewelry; necklace nestled on hairy chest, chain-like bracelet on right wrist, several rings dominated by a huge turquoise, earring pierced through left lobe, enormous watch with a band of heavy leather on left wrist — all a kind of costume, one suspects, to cover the intensity of his shyness, his disappointment in himself, the "ugly duckling childhood" that still pervades his consciousness despite the New York years that saw the loss of excess weight, of the braces, and of some superfluous flesh from his nose.

After the Academy, "I did some modeling, for different boutiques, and some three or four different fashion shows that were done in bars. I was on the cover of the Christmas issue of a New York gay publication called *Michael's Thing*, with a wreath around my head! And I got into the bar business and learned bartending and being a bar D.J. They had drag shows in one bar I worked in, The Gold Bug, on East Third. I was there about three years, and I did choreography, hair, lights, music, the whole thing. And performed once in a while as a male back-up in the production numbers!

"But then the bar went downhill, and I was the newest bartender, so I was first to go." Such was the pattern of Bob's life. Bad luck, bad breaks, bad health all provide an obligatto to the story of his growth. "I was always 'a day late and a pound short' as they say. In school, I was always late with assignments. Whereas if somebody comes along and says 'You've got to do such-and-such' and points me in the right direction, then I do it."

(continued on page 52)



Photo by Hy Chase

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WORLD REPORTS

SYDNEY

Sir Robert Helpmann is not the only ballet dancer of world renown Australia has given to the world — nor, does it seem, will he be the last. Another young choreographer soon to take the world by storm is certainly Graeme Watson who, earlier this year, at the Sydney Opera House, showed there are many ways of being raped when three maidens in floating yellow dresses were “raped” by two men in grey tights and green codpieces, with eight-foot-long rubber-tipped aluminum poles . . . to a piano and cello sonata accompaniment.

“That’s an aggressively heterosexual contemporary ballet,” I remarked to Graeme after we’d watched the Dance Company of New South Wales perform his new work for this season. He swings muscular legs over one side of the stage and laughs: “that’s because I’m an aggressively heterosexual person.”

In many ways, Graeme is a rare person in the ballet world. Now 28, he didn’t start to learn dance until the age of 18, and then it was to howls of ocker (that’s the Australian equivalent of the American macho redneck) abuse from his fellow clerks in the Sydney County Council, including being thrown over a ping-pong table.

He started choreography as well as dancing with the Dance Company of NSW, and is now enjoying being a thinking person and working his mind out — fascinated with his own sexuality and fascinated with the state of being a heterosexual in a predominantly homosexual world.

“The ballet scene here is about 75 percent homosexual male and 10 percent homosexual women,” he shrugs.

Unlike so much contemporary dance that is tedious, earnest, and uninventive, Watson’s work is never boring. The aluminum pole rape ballet, titled “Medieval Malices,” is inspired by Artist Marcel Duchamp’s “Large Glass” — a very large abstract piece on glass displaying “the bride stripped bare, by her bachelors, even.”

“The Large Glass is a machine to male love — there are seven malic moulds or male symbols underneath a female symbol. The male symbols have to go through a chocolate

grinder to distill the male acid, and the female symbol makes love gasoline, and there are toboggans — it’s really wild. Duchamp says the bride is no mere passive witness to her own stripping. She is an apotheosis of virginity, she has her quota of ignorant desire and because of this she warmly rejects (not chastely) the bachelors’ brusque offer,” says Graeme.

“In other words, like a lot of women, they do an ambiguous dance

end up in bed getting it anyway. And often there’s a sense of hell for both the next morning, thinking ‘now why did I do that last night?’”

The ballet is meant to be devastating to the male ego. “I often think the male ego prevents a closer relationship with a woman. It’s a very common thing with a male. The smaller his penis, the smaller his ego.”

In the ballet, the girls twirl and bend around carpenters’ wooden horses, which they use as vanity stools, chopping blocks, altars and of desire and rejection, they demand it yet pretend not to demand it, and



Graeme Watson with Kim Love in a scene from *Carmina Burana*.

Photo by Martin Smith

an intended pun — as it's a medieval piece, the horses are medieval horses. The boys use aluminum rods, which are male ego symbols, or can be seen as knights' lances.

The sex, Graeme maintains, is inevitable in contemporary ballet. "You can't escape it — you're working with a body, and as soon as a man touches a woman, or another man, the audience sees sex. Dance is a very sensitive and vulnerable art form. In my work 'Eccentric Foliage' (which the Queensland Modern and Contemporary Dance Company danced at the Bath Festival in August) I explore that certain masochistic tendency in women. I'm often amazed at how much a woman will put up with from a man, yet at the same time she doesn't want to.

"I always try to mesh humor into my work — there's a great lack of humorous contemporary ballet — which is crazy, because in trauma or in hysteria, you've just gotta laugh in the end."

Graeme applied this philosophy when he started to learn to dance at age 18. "I went along to Bodenweiser Studios for one lesson, and couldn't cope with the sexuality thing, and didn't go back for three months. Then I wore shorts for the first year.

"Now I'm used to the fact that inside the ballet world or out of it, as soon as someone knows you're a dancer, they start psyching you out — is he or isn't he? Sometimes I feel obliged to declare it — like after I'd been thrown over the ping-pong table. I found it works well when some ocker guys are displaying their weight-lifting exercises to do some amazing back-lunging ballet move, and stun them.

"I've learnt a tremendous amount from working with gays, and most of them don't mind me. Some of the younger dancers feel more secure dancing with a gay guy, and if they work with a male dancer who isn't gay they feel aware, even threatened by it. The strongly male gay dancers can upset them, too."

And what now? "I want to keep on dancing and doing more choreography. If Australian choreographers aren't given a chance, our ballet isn't going to grow. There aren't many Australian choreographers — or at least good ones — and there aren't many intrinsically Australian subjects worth doing.

"More than anything, I'd like to combine dance, drama, music, and singing together, particularly for children, and say, 'Look, this is theatre.'"

—Martin Smith

PARIS

Homosexuality here has been undergoing a face-lift in the last few months which would make Miss Bryant blanch and foam at the mouth. It's not that homosexuality can be seen better but that it can finally be seen. You can't pass a bookshop or newsstand these days without seeing books or magazines on the subject. But these magazines and periodicals for homo-



Photo by Herman Puig

From Herman Puig's Male Nude exhibit,
"At the Baths, Paris."

sexuals have a long way before they come up to the standards of U.S. magazines. "IN" magazine, for example, which I hear is now sold in the States, could never successfully compete abroad. It seems reasonably popular here but it wouldn't be if French gays could get their hands on American gay magazines.

Another French magazine, "Arcadie," now in its 24th year, is small in format and contains no pictures and very few ads. Any magazine that can manage to survive for 24 years must have something going for it. And it does. It's unpretentious, direct and to the point and well written. It includes essays, short stories and articles, reviews of theatre and cinema and general advice and encouragement to its readers.

Some years ago French society claimed that it didn't care who was homosexual—with one reservation: as long as that person was not a member of their family. Times have changed and French families now are not only finding that, indeed, some members of their family are or may be gay, but they're also willing to help and accept. After all, any reasonably intelligent person living in Paris today cannot be immune to homosexuality and its ramifications nor its obvious place in society. That a large percentage of singers, actors, and TV performers are gay is common knowledge, and nobody seems to care. Charles Trenet, a popular singer, once spent time in prison for fooling around with minors, but he's just as popular as ever and no one seems to hold it against him. Oh, sure, you get the occasional giggle and the comment: "Il est comme ça" when you mention a well-known entertainer. But these people, while more numerous than we like to think, are immature, not very bright, and unsure of their own sexuality. Homosexuality, whether we like to admit or not, is still a great threat to a great many people; and it's this fear and repugnance that the whole homosexual revolution in France is trying to eliminate.

Cuban photographer Herman Puig has a male nude exhibition at the Continental Opera Baths (Men's Aquatic Club) 32 rue Louis Le Grande, which will run through the summer. Incidentally, the Continental Baths are the best in Paris, so if this is your trip this is the place to go. Herman, who is originally from Havana, spent several years in Spain where he was preparing some photos of male nudes for After

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Oscar Wilde

"His 'crime' was not so much that he was a homosexual, but that he acted like one."

by Robert K. Martin

Of all major intellectual and artistic figures of the last century, it is perhaps Oscar Wilde who presents the greatest problem for a biographer. Wilde's literary career is almost totally eclipsed by the scandals that surround his private life. But that life has been recounted, and interpreted, differently by almost everyone who has put his hand to it. It has seemed almost impossible to tell the tale without making Oscar into a saint or a demon, neither of which he was. The truth is that he was a very talented playwright and critic, that he skillfully absorbed the ideas of the leading thinkers of his day (from Pater to Baudelaire to Whistler) and communicated them to a large public that would otherwise have known little of the aesthetic controversies of the turn of the century, that he detested the way of life of Victorian respectability and constantly mocked it in his plays, his *mots*, and his critical writings, as well as his life, and that he would eventually pay the price for it in a trial that judged his art as well as his sex life.

Wilde's background seems to have predisposed him to his position on the fringe of correct society, a position that gave him entry to many of the great homes and elegant soirees but left him the distance to mock his hosts the following day. Wilde was born in Dublin in 1854, the son of a surgeon, reputed to be the filthiest man in Dublin, and Speranza, an Irish nationalist poetess who presided over an elegant literary salon. His father was a noted philanderer, and his position in Dublin society began to slip after he was accused of raping one of his patients (in fact, she appears to have been a discarded mistress who decided to avenge herself). By the time Oscar reached Oxford he seemed to have modelled himself somewhat on his mother, whom he resembled. He had her interest in self-advertisement and a florid style in poetry. Although he hardly inherited his father's slovenly manners or his taste for young women, he does not seem to have been homosexual while a student. His tastes were conventionally heterosexual, and his principal interest seems to have been aesthetics, ranging from poetry to architecture to fashion. His role as a dandy was based on his rejection of Victorian serious-

ness and appears to have had no sexual connotations.

A great deal of discussion has gone into determining when Oscar Wilde became homosexual, with various critics "blaming" various friends of his, including Lord Alfred Douglas. It is impossible to know for sure now, of course, but it seems likely that Wilde's marriage in 1884 (at the age of 29) was sincerely based on feelings of affection. But Constance Wilde could hardly hold her husband's attentions for long. She appears to have been a kind but stupid woman who never understood her husband's career or his friends. Wilde chose her clothes, decorated their home, and selected their friends. There was little for Constance to do except look on in admiration which would eventually turn to dismay. It must have been within a few years after the marriage that Wilde became actively homosexual. But he remained with his wife and two sons, although increasingly maintaining a double life and spending more and more time away from home. In this he was not unlike many a Victorian husband, except that Wilde spent his time (and money) on boys rather than women.

Wilde's early career was spent as a lecturer, poet, and editor. He quickly made himself the spokesman for the Aesthetic Movement, interpreting the ideas of such reformers as William Morris through his writings on furniture, clothing, and the decorative arts. His poetry was based largely on French models, including Gautier and Baudelaire. Its "decadence" derived from its languorous descriptions, its preferences for half-tone and twilight hours, and its very vague sense of sin and mystery. While it all seems very tame now, it was sufficiently shocking in Victorian England. After the birth of his sons, Wilde began writing fairy tales, then enjoying a considerable revival. Wilde's tales were influenced by Hans Christian Andersen, the only modern literary author of fairy tales that have endured, but they also had their very own touch. Wilde took from Andersen the sentimental tone, but he added his own characteristic irony and even cruelty. Wilde's tales are Christian parables, and through them he was able to express his developing form of Christian socialism, based on the gospel of love.



One of the best known of these fairy tales was "The Happy Prince," which is still read today. It is interesting to note that this tale of devotion and self-sacrifice also offered Wilde the opportunity to write of love in a way that would not have been possible in any other form. The Prince is Wilde's figure of the indifferent sybarite who is rendered human through the recognition of love and its accompanying suffering. The Prince lived in the Palace of Sans

Souci ("Without a Care") and "never cared to ask what lay beyond the wall, everything about me was so beautiful." The careless aestheticism of the Prince is significantly altered by his relationship with the Swallow, who agrees to put off his migration so that he can help the Prince distribute his wealth to the poor of the city. Soon the Prince has given everything away, and the Swallow has stayed too long. There remains only death for them both,

but first they embrace: "he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet." There is a great deal of Wilde's search for the ideal lover in this tale, and a good deal of himself in the figure of "The Happy Prince." He, too, has lived too long in the world of aesthetics, cut off from the cares of the world.

As the Prince distributed his jewels, Oscar spent his income lavishly on the young men he met, offering them expensive cigarette cases and other presents. When Wilde's trial came, it was as if this willingness to go across class lines and to embrace working-class boys were a worse crime than the gross indecency of which he was accused. For Wilde had broken with his class. As in "The Happy Prince," the authorities would have no time for anything they found shabby or improper. The broken Wilde would be of no more concern than the divested statue of the Happy Prince.

Wilde also published a "reform" essay in 1891, entitled "The Soul of Man under Socialism." This impressive work was in fact a defense of individualism, which it maintained could best be nurtured under a socialist system. Wilde obviously meant by socialism something far different than that which is now usually understood by the term. For him it meant an equalizing of social differences so as to provide equal opportunities for self-development. He defended his radical individualism against the charge of selfishness by writing that it is not self-development which is selfish; rather selfishness is "making others to live as one wishes to live." Wilde was in effect saying that it was his bourgeois critics who were selfish, since they sought to impose their own standards of behavior on others, while the true individualist sought merely the right to live as he or she chose. The same essay must have infuriated good society by its attack upon the system of "justice" (i.e. prisons), a subject to which Wilde would return after he had had first-hand acquaintance with British "justice." Wilde wrote in his 1891 essay: "A community is infinitely more brutalised by the habitual employment of punishment than it is by the occasional occurrence of crime." Such

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He's been called "the first all-American boy to become a great international dancer," and after 24 years with the New York City Ballet, he's still proof that to be a dancer and to be a man are not contradictions in terms.

Q. I have a friend who is 33 and has just started taking ballet lessons. What can he expect?

A. A very short career!

Jacques d'Amboise has had a very long career, and is still in top form at... well he looks about 35; but after having been a principal dancer with the N.Y. City Ballet since 1953, he must be in his forties.

The story of how d'Amboise, at the age of 8, started taking ballet lessons, sounds like the song "I Can Do That" from *A Chorus Line*.

"We had all these gangs on the block," the dancer elaborates, "and my mother didn't want me hanging out with the gangs. So I went with my sister to ballet school and sat there while she had her lessons."

"But I was a restless kid. I would start tapping my foot and moving to the music, and by the end of the hour I'd be jumping up. Finally the teacher said, 'If you've got so damn much energy, get up here and do what everybody else is doing!' So I did."

You would expect a person named Jacques d'Amboise to be very French and, if he spoke English at all, to do it with a thick accent. Well, his mother, a charming lady, is like that; but d'Amboise is pure New York, where he was raised after being born in Dedham, Mass. He seems to fit Clive Barnes' description of him as "the first all-American boy to become a great international dancer." But he can converse in French with his mother, whom he calls "Boss."

"I call him 'Coco,'" she confides.

In the world of dance, as in the South (where "good old boys" may really be *old*), a man can be a "boy"

forever. Women become "ballerinas," but men are called "ballet boys."

"There is no word in English for a male dancer," d'Amboise explains. "In Italy, you're a *ballerino*; but for some reason, that's never carried over here."

D'Amboise has to be one of the friendliest people in show business. When I introduce myself as he concludes a strenuous rehearsal with the Atlanta Symphony, he says he wasn't expecting me until the next day. But he admits he could be confused, throws an arm over my shoulder like an old pal and leads me to his dressing room.

On the way, I give him a copy of *IN TOUCH*—a mistake, as it turns out, because he can hardly talk about anything else from then on. He calls one of his dancing partners, Janie Parker, into the room and shows it to her: "It's a gay magazine. It's full of cock. It's sensational!"

They look through it, listing friends in New York they will have to show it to, as I wait politely with a head full of questions. They stop at a photo of a model who's fully dressed—from the waist up—and laugh.

"There's something so incongruous," d'Amboise says, "about being dressed and having your pecker out." This leads him into a story about touring a Viennese castle with a couple of friends who kept waiting for the tourist traffic to die down so one could photograph the other flashing amid those elegant surroundings.

"I had the urge," the dancer confesses, "on a plane the other night. We were stacked for three hours at the New York airport and I was so

bored, I thought it would be fun to just take it out."

Possession of the magazine becomes an issue. Neither dancer wants to keep it in their dressing room, because they are afraid of their mothers finding it. D'Amboise finally puts it—in a plain brown wrapper—under some towels and says, "If she sees it, she sees it."

At last we can talk about dance, which has been exploding in popularity in Atlanta in the last few years. "It's happening everywhere," d'Amboise agrees. "And it's just the beginning. In the next 5 or 10 years..." he pauses, unable to think of the next phase, then proceeds to an ultimate goal: "I'd like to see it replace football and baseball."

Most of the dancers I know are gay. Without implying anything, I ask d'Amboise, who has a wife and four children, if dancing is a difficult profession for a straight man.

He begins by hedging. "It depends on what kind of dance you are talking about—if you mean classical ballet or Broadway dancing or nightclub dancing or modern dancing or jazz dancing or Balinese dancing..."

Returning to the question, he says, "I wouldn't say that. It divides almost 50-50 in ballet now." Giving it more thought, he qualifies those figures: "When I started in ballet, out of 20 men there were maybe 8 or 9 straight, 4 or 5 bisexual and the rest gay. Now I find the proportion of bisexuals increasing until it's about equal with straight and gay."

"I'm also finding a lot of women lately who confess to me that they are attracted to their sisters or find their girlfriends' breasts a turn-on. They may not do anything about it;



but if they did they'd be bisexual."

I first saw Jacques d'Amboise in the movie *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, one of the dancingest of the MGM musicals. He was one of the brothers in the frontier tale who, inspired by "The Rape of the Sabine Women," kidnapped some local beauties in hopes of marrying them. The oldest brother, Howard Keel, was already married to Jane Powell. Keel and Jeff Richards, a handsome but untalented MGM contract player, were the only non-dancers in the litter.

"Richards was outdanced by everybody," d'Amboise agrees, "and Keel didn't have to dance much—he was the singing star and already had his girl." Another "brother," Russ Tamblyn, described the Michael Kidd choreography (in *I.T.* #24) as "just square dancing...

and tumbling." "That's what it was—for him," d'Amboise says, and asks a lot of questions about what his former co-star is doing today. Yet another of the movie septet is married to Karel Shimoff, who tours with d'Amboise.

The movies appear to be rediscovering dance. D'Amboise says he's choreographing and playing a role in a film for *Rocky* director John Avildsen, with the tentative title, *Slow Dancing in the Big City*. He describes it as "a love story about a gorgeous ballerina who's about to dance in Lincoln Center for the first time."

A much-anticipated film with a ballet setting is *The Turning Point*, with Shirley MacLaine, Anne Bancroft and dancers Mikhail Baryshnikov (sigh) and Leslie Browne. D'Amboise says director Herbert Ross (he choreographed *Funny Girl* and directed *Funny Lady*) has shot enough footage for two pictures, so we might expect a sequel.

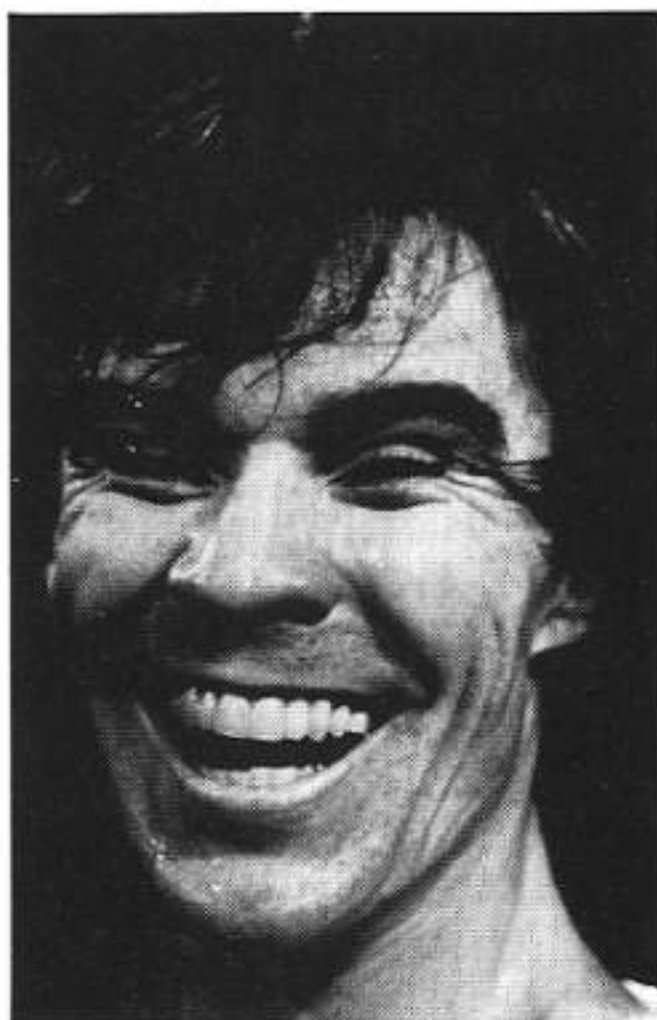
D'Amboise is much in demand for the entertaining lecture-demonstrations he prefers to call "encounters." "I don't like to use 'lecture,'" he explains, "because it's too formal; and 'demonstration' sounds like a riot. These encounters give us a chance to experiment, to try new things, and to explore what we discover with the audience."

"We have question-and-answer sessions, and try to answer the questions with dance."

Dance is the answer to everything for Jacques d'Amboise, including how he stays in such magnificent shape: "As long as I'm performing, I can eat and drink and stay thin. If I stop for three days, I get normal."

JACQUES d'AMBOISE

by Steve Warren



New York's Gay TV:

THE Emerald City

by Ronn Mullen

"When you set your heart on doing something and work very, very hard to accomplish your goal, anything is possible if you really believe in it."

When Dorothy left Kansas, picked up by a funnel-cloud and deposited on the Yellow Brick Road, she found herself in a magical, mystical land called Oz. At the end of the road was The Emerald City, home of the wonderful Wizard of Oz. He turned out to be a fake, but Dorothy learned some valuable lessons on her strange journey — one of which was that when you really set your heart on doing something and work very, very hard to accomplish your goal, anything is possible if you really believe in it.

A little over six months ago, Frank O'Dowd and Steve Bie met a different sort of Wizard, one who did not turn out to be a fake. He was a film instructor at one of New York's colleges and he had a dream. The dream was to produce a TV show for the rapidly growing Cable TV network in Manhattan. The twister to the dream was that the show should be run by and geared to the Gay Community of greater New York.

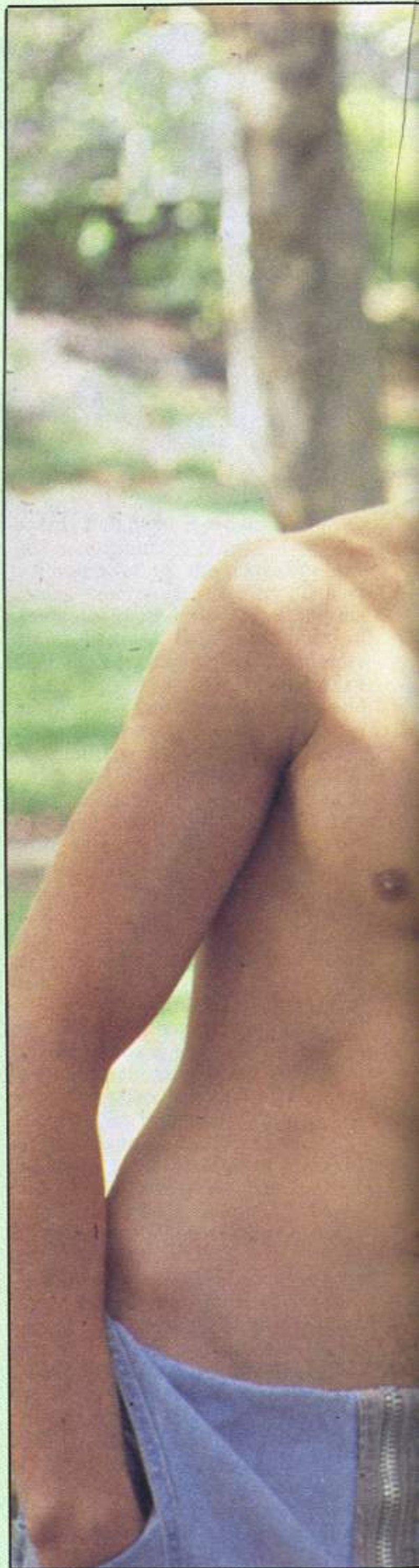
How could two young men, even guided by a man knowledgeable in the ways of filmmaking, pull off this dream and make it a reality? Working closely with the personnel of Channel J, the leading cable station in Gotham, O'Dowd — darkly handsome with a boyish gleam in his dark brown eyes, Bie — a Norwegian imp, and Gene Stavis — the wizard with the dream — all learned how a TV show is put together from the bottom up. They started attempting to interest sponsors (gay owned and operated businesses) to support such a venture.

Immediate reaction, as always with untried dreams, was not overwhelmingly positive. "Show us what you can do and we might be interested in coming along" was the gen-

eral attitude. So, they did just that. The first few shows were produced out-of-pocket by their newly formed production company: Truth, Justice, and the American Way, Inc. Proving themselves to be consistent — a one-hour weekly TV show — and diligent, covering a broad spectrum of the gay community, the young enterprise soon gained the respect and confidence of enough sponsors to make the show a self-supporting endeavor — an unheard-of development in the fledgling industry of Cable TV.

When invited to the town house residence of executive producer Stavis to meet with the three guiding lights behind this phenomenon, I had never seen one of these shows. Skeptical, because I had seen *some* cable TV shows and had been left with an empty feeling of strictly amateur night on the tube. Most cable TV is like most home movies — fun if you know the people involved and are terribly indulgent, but, in the inimitable words of Joanne Worley: "bo-o-o-o-ring!" I attempted to keep an objective point of view as the three men behind Emerald City expounded on how well the show was being received and how successful they were becoming. My scepticism, however, remained undaunted.

The TV set came on and the opening montage began. Scenes of young men frolicking on the beach, holding hands walking through the park, riding bicycles, cruising the streets — all played out to the accompaniment of the theme music, "Anything Goes." The mood was light, the photography top-notch, and I was immediately captivated. The quality of the filming, the editing, the entire approach is professional and slick. Although not quite up to





The Emerald City's Steve Bie and Frank O'Dowd, in a rare moment of relaxation.

the standards of major network TV, this show can obviously bear comparison to the very best locally produced shows on a professional level.

Where did these young men learn to make such a slick-looking product? Years of training in TV workshops, or what? The answers were surprising. Gene Stavis, executive producer, has the most extensive background of the three for this type of thing. A film buff from age one, he has involved himself in the world of film on a professional level as an educator. He really had no practical application of this knowledge, however, until the outset of this venture. Frank O'Dowd, co-producer, writer (and director), was a professional ice skater after his college career, having toured extensively in Europe and the United States with various Ice Shows. And the blue-eyed imp, Steve Bie, had been trained in hotel and restaurant management. What does this add up to in relation to producing a weekly TV show on the gay scene in New York City?

Coming from divergent backgrounds, the trio bring the show practical knowledge of the business world, a flair for the theatrical, and some solid basics in filmmaking. They also bring the most valuable and the most ephemeral quality that only this particular trio *could* bring—their own, unique personalities. The show is highly personal in approach. Frank conducts many of the on-camera interviews. His low-key persona on-camera belies his dynamic off-camera personality. High-pitched energy and a positive attitude have helped both Frank and Steve sell their ideas to the public both on the air and when they are out scouting for material for future segments of their weekly magazine-format show.

In attempting to cover the broad spectrum of the life-style of the "gay minority," the show hits on many aspects: the increasingly aware political organizations of Gay Lib have been well presented on this adventure into our sub-culture. Political candidates who are openly gay and those who purport to support gay rights have been interviewed in-depth for the viewing public. Authors of the new serious gay literature like Patricia Nell Warren (*The Front Runner* and *The Fancy Dancer*) and Jonathan Katz (*Gay American History*) have been allowed a voice on the air.

Entertainment is covered by on-the-spot segments from New York's

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NEW ZEALAND

Fewer and fewer places in this world qualify as a "paradise"—but here's one that's still in the running.

by Lindsay Taylor



Tasman Glacier scours the rugged mountains of New Zealand.



Mt. Cook towers 12,349 feet over the unspoiled beauty of the island country.

New Zealanders often like to call their country "God's Own," and the description isn't too inaccurate. For a country of its size, it has some of the most varied scenery in the world, ranging from subtropical surf beaches in the north, to the Southern Alps, which are in every way comparable with their European namesakes. And the country remains largely unspoiled because people care about it. It has one of the highest percentages in the world of land devoted to National Parks, and a few years ago over a tenth of the population signed a successful petition against raising the level of one of its finest lakes to make way for a power project.

There is, of course, a negative side to being an isolated country (our nearest neighbor, Australia, is 1200 miles away) of only 3 million people. We don't exactly have the world's most varied nightlife, our liquor laws are ridiculously archaic, and Mrs. Grundy still has her busy nose into her neighbor's sex life. But the gay community is thriving. Even some quite-small towns of 30-40,000 people have homosexual rights or welfare groups that are always ready to welcome visitors with open arms. You can find their addresses or phone numbers in the pages of *Gay News*, the country's national gay publication. And, on the bright side, we don't have many police purges or hysterical witch-hunts, and you are not likely to get mugged on our streets.

Perhaps its most accurate to say that anything that happens anywhere in the world happens here; you just have to look a bit harder to find out where it's going on. For the gay visitor, most of the action is in the three main cities: Auckland, Wellington (the capital), and Christchurch. The majority of gay meeting-places are in these cities, and the major tourist spots are easily accessible from them.

Auckland, the largest city, with a population of nearly 800,000, is the place that you're likeliest to see, since it's a link in most international air routes around the South Pacific. It's subtropical in climate (you don't often need a coat, but an umbrella

is a necessity), and likes to call itself the largest Polynesian city in the world: although Maoris, Samoans, Tongans, and other Pacific Islanders make up only about 15 percent of the population, they give the city much of its distinctive character.

Auckland is ideally situated for the visitor. It's close to the surfing beaches on the west coast of Northland — Muriwai and Piha are the best — and to the quieter swimming beaches, such as Pakiri, on the Hauraki Gulf to the east. If you want to go further north (100 miles or so), the Bay of Islands is well worth a visit. It's one of the oldest European settlements in New Zealand, dating from the 1820's, and the scenery and big-game fishing are magnificent. To the south of Auckland there's Rotorua, the center of Maori culture, which sits in the middle of a weird and amazing collection of boiling mud pools, geysers and hot springs.

Auckland's status as New Zealand's largest city means that it's something of a mecca for gays from the smaller towns. Consequently, it has the liveliest and most open gay scene in the country. The gayest bar is the **Tap Room** in the Royal Albert Hotel, Elliot St., where the crowds tend to be free and casual in both dress and attitudes. You might also try the wine bar downstairs, which is trendier and basically straight, though not entirely... the scenery is very pleasant, anyway! There's also the **Great Northern Hotel**, appropriately enough in Queen St. It tends to be the haunt of the drag community and sailors.

Both of the gay clubs in Auckland are for members and their guests only (the result of our liquor laws at work), but if you visit the Tap Room, it's usually not too hard to find someone to take you along. **Backstage Club** is the one to visit if you can. Although it's mixed gay/straight, men/women, about 70 percent of the people there are usually gay men. Non-members are charged \$6 admission, but all your drinks are free, and there's normally a band and/or floorshow. Nicely decorated, lots of beautiful people, and no hassles.

The **Aquarius Club**, in Victoria St., is for men only, and members have reciprocal admission rights to the **Dorian Society**, which runs similar clubs in Wellington and Christchurch. The Aquarius has the advantage of being opposite the **Victoria Spa**, probably the country's best-appointed gay sauna bath; the other one in Auckland is the re-

cently opened **Juenesse Doree** at Mt. Albert. If you care for a bit of more casual cruising, you might try High St. in the City, and Potter's Park at Mt. Eden, or else take a trip to Lady's Bay. But be careful. Although your friendly policeman isn't usually much of a problem, he does take it into his head to keep an eye on things every so often.

In spite of its comparatively small size, Wellington manages to be quite a cosmopolitan city — its phone directory bulges with Greek, Indian, Polish, and Chinese names. The city itself is reminiscent of a miniature San Francisco, perched as it is on steep hills around a fine, large harbor. (It even has a cable car.) On a fine day it's a beautiful, if windy, place, and if its major buildings are generally rather uninspiring, the old inner-city suburbs like Thorndon and Mt. Victoria are fascinating to wander around.

The Royal Oak Hotel, at the junction of Cuba, Dixon, and Manners Sts., has something of a monopoly on gay bars — three of varying kinds. The **Bistro Bar** tends to be a raunchy mixture of drag queens, prostitutes, and sailors. The **New Tavern** mixes casually dressed gays with quite a few Polynesians. And if you prefer a more sedate atmosphere, there's the **Toledo Room** upstairs. The **Western Park Tavern**, in Tinakori Road, is also gay in varying degrees. Normally it's only a very pale shade of lavender, but the upstairs bar is almost taken over by 6 p.m. on a Saturday.

Two of the city's coffee bars are also gay (**Carmen's** in Vivian St. and **Mario's** off Majoribanks St.). But the best place to go is the **Capital Strut Cabaret** in Carmen's Balcony nightclub, Victoria St., about three blocks from the Royal Oak. On the way between the two you also pass the **Sun Sauna** in Wakefield St. (recently upgraded after being taken over by the owners of the Victoria Spa in Auckland), and the conveniences next to the Public Library. Again, you have to watch out for the law, and it's sometimes safer to go further out of town; Hataitai, Kilbirnie, or Paekakariki Beach.

From Wellington you can travel north to the skifields at Mt. Ruapehu, a couple of hours' drive away. But if the idea of skiing on an active volcano doesn't appeal to you (Ruapehu and its companions Ngauruhoe and Tongariro regularly belch out smoke and occasionally produce a full-scale eruption), then you can travel down to the South Island. Christchurch, the South Island's

largest city, is close to half a dozen skiing grounds. The nearest is only an hour away, and if you care to go as far as Queenstown you can use facilities of the highest international standard — and you're likely to meet some very interesting people, too! Even if you're not a skier, the Southern Alps and the fjords, lakes and glaciers of South Westland are worth visiting for their sheer grandeur and serenity.

Christchurch is often called the most English city outside England. It's physically a very flat town, and there are those who say that its Englishness makes it as sedate as it is flat. But it's friendly, especially to the out-of-towner, and it's often been commented that if Christchurch gays don't go to the bars much it's because there are always plenty of parties to attend.

In spring and fall Christchurch is at its best. It has one of the world's top ten Botanical Gardens (those in Auckland and Wellington are worth a visit, too) and the banks of the quiet river Avon, which meanders through the center of the city, are also a favorite place for sunbathers on warm days. The natural beauties are complemented by a fine display of architecture: the neo-Baroque Catholic Cathedral, the Victorian Gothic of the Anglican Cathedral, the old University and the Provincial Council Chambers, and the aggressive modernism of the Town Hall.

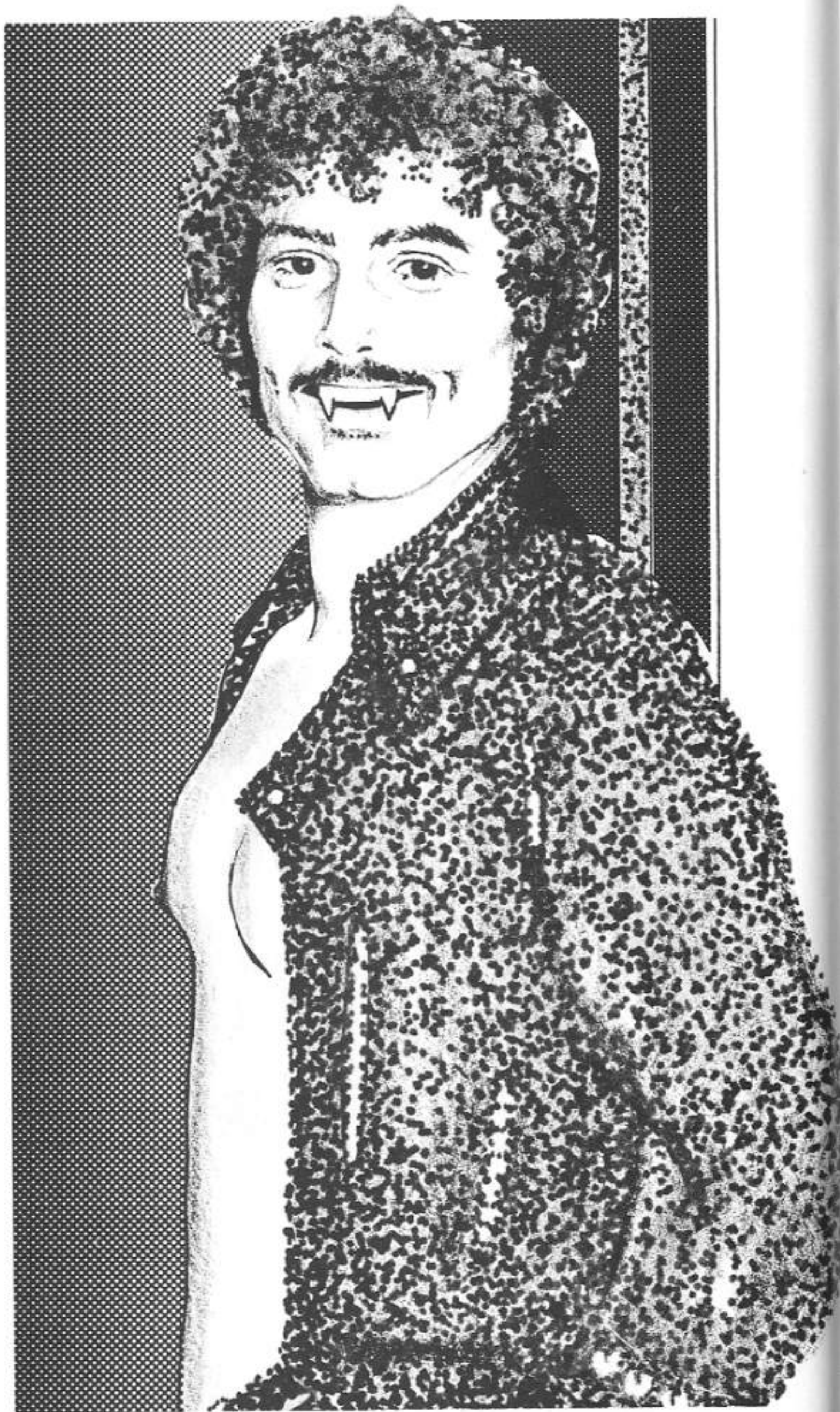
Gay life centers on the **Public Bar** of the Vacation Hotel, Colombo St., though one or two others (**Warners Tavern** and the **Captain Cook Bar** of the United Service Hotel, both in Cathedral Square) can be interesting according to the time of day — you take pot luck. Those who want to try for a casual cruise can wander 'round Cathedral Square, which can offer some unexpected delights. Hagley Park also has its attractions, as does Waimairi Beach. The further north you walk along the beach from the surf club, the gayer it becomes, and the beach itself is bordered by convenient sand dunes and pine plantations.

And that, in brief, is New Zealand. There's a lot more that could be said, especially about the scenery; if you're the outdoors type, you couldn't find a better place. It's not the place for sophisticated nightlife or for hustle and bustle, but if you like friendly people and an unspoiled country, then you'll like it here.

Not too long ago, when I was young and impressionable, I left my dreary job and was on my way home to an even drearier rooming house, when I spotted a man crouching down under one of the water bridges near the Charles River. I immediately took him for a bum, but on coming closer, I could see that he sat as if meditating, and I knew instinctively that here was a good man. At this point he turned around, and I, cowering from too direct a contact, pretended that I was looking out over the river, even though I had stopped not ten yards from him. But Mr. Bell could not be fooled. He came right up to me and stood by my right shoulder for a good five minutes, until we began to face each other, our heads turning as if on squeaky axles, a simultaneous exercise that finally had us sending out the same brooding look that, no question about it, established us at once as sausage-links in the Great Psychic Chain.

A little while later, after we had talked, Mr. Bell gave me a medal. At first I thought it was a religious medal, but on closer inspection I could see that it was an engraving of the world with some kind of ring around it, the ring hosting little teeth that seemed to hang upside down like clothespins, with two large fangs hanging down on both sides of Eastern Europe. Mr. Bell made me feel very important because he said that he had been searching a long time for the right person to give the medal to. He said that when he saw me, he knew immediately. He said that he would be as a father to me, and that all I had to do was to come back to the bridge when I had any questions. Questions? Yes, that's the strange part, because he also said I was on the verge of a Great Adventure, that I was about to be changed. Or "take off," as he put it.

Take off? I worried about this. Usually I do not like tests or initiations of any kind. I especially wondered at Mr. Bell's instructions to



How I became a

VAMPIRE,

give the medal away when I knew the time was right. But I felt extremely happy — I had made a new friend! Back in my rooming house, I looked at the sun through my window and thought of the beauty of the world and of the new days ahead.

As I think back to those early days, I am struck by my handling of the medal. I periodically fingered it as people who wear necklaces are inclined to finger them. For instance, I would rub my thumb over the engraving of the world and run the medal up and down the chain so that the whole thing made a zinging noise. Yet in those days I guess I did it to counter the nervousness I was feeling. I did not know, could not know, the result of many rubbings.

I remember sitting in a cafeteria and rubbing the medal and then witnessing a man going into an epileptic fit — falling onto the floor, kicking aside chairs, and all of that. That was the day I began to have suspicions about the medal. Until then, it had meant relatively nothing outside of a decoration. But I remember I was rubbing it constantly, and the man's epileptic fit came on after at least the twentieth rub.

Then one night I sat in the rooming house kitchen and got to thinking about how nothing exciting had happened to me — dreary life! Had Mr. Bell lied? All of a sudden something told me to rub the medal, and so I did, wondering what could possibly happen in such a dead place as this. I rubbed it, and after the seventh rub I heard stirrings in the bed in the room off to the side of the kitchen.

Pretty soon I walked upstairs and into the foyer of the house. For a Friday night it was disgusting how early these people went to bed — all of them good-looking boys, too, students at Harvard and Boston University. Just to be ornery, I guess, I rubbed the medal as I walked past random doors. Alarm clocks went off, faucets started to drip. One boy ran out of his room so

fast I thought he was heading for the hall bathroom in order to be sick.

The next night I wanted to go into Boston. There was nothing to do in Cambridge except walk through the Cambridge Common or stand by the Harvard Coop and watch the Harvard jocks leg by in hot pants, never looking to the left or right but always straight ahead. So I walked through the shadowy back streets of Cambridge and came to Massachusetts Avenue, where I stood on the curb and hitchhiked. At this time I was beginning to feel a pulsating pain in my gums — I thought it was the start of a massive toothache — but having found that running my tongue over my teeth worked as a temporary anesthetic, I did just that a number of times as cars sped past me, one of them full of Somerville rowdies who threw a beer can at me but missed, fortunately.

Soon I got a lift from a rather dopey looking fellow about my own age. The first thing I noticed about him were what I presumed were operation scars under his ears. They were maybe two inches long, and were topped by what appeared to be puncture marks. I knew he saw me looking at them but he didn't seem to mind as he asked me right away where I was going. We rode along in silence for a while and then he turned to me and asked me if I had seen the Dracula movie on television last night. When I told him I hadn't, he seemed to have difficulty in choosing his words. He finally asked me if I wanted the Full Routine.

Now, Mr. Bell hadn't told me about the Full Routine. He left me with the words, "You'll discover some things on your own, but have faith!" Naturally, I had many questions. "The Full Routine?" I said. The guy turned to me and flashed these terrific eyes; all of a sudden they became bigger and I swear I saw white lights in the middle of both of them. Was I with God?

Dopey made conversation as we drove to an isolated road near the river. He described his life. He said

that during the day he lived with his mother in a small house in the suburbs. He also said that he usually wore adhesive tape over his puncture marks because his mother didn't know.

The two of us faced the river and did nothing for some time. Then Dopey turned to me and said, "Are you ready?", giving me those God-light eyes again, and I said "Yes!"

Now, I am not stupid. I half expected I was going to receive my puncture marks. When Dopey opened his mouth, what a sight! Long, sharp teeth! I didn't want to shut my eyes — not me. I watched as he landed them square under my ear, on the most tender part of my neck-skin, where I never sunburn and always forget to wash. Dopey applied a little pressure, and I squirmed, yelping, I know it, like a puppy, but Dopey persisted and went down the slope of my neck, me feeling blood dripping onto my shirt collar.

It was over in ten seconds. Dopey opened the glove compartment and got out some cotton swabs and applied them to the hurt. I breathed heavily. Naturally, I wanted to see the incisions. I asked Dopey to turn the rear view window towards me, so I could see. I grabbed hold of the cotton swabs and looked to the floorboard of Dopey's car in panic. Then I looked out over the river, wondering if Mr. Bell was out there waiting under a bridge.

Dopey then drove me to the Crazy Eat diner on the waterfront. I didn't mind the stares I got as I walked in with Dopey and sat down. They were friendly stares, and I noticed people here and there with marks like Dopey's, and I even saw two people with cotton swabs pasted on their necks. Dopey said I should feel free to mingle as I pleased, but I was still feeling too shocked, too numb, so I sat with Dopey and watched the patrons nod, eat, and smile their huge smiles

(continued on page 68)

Anita Bryant

Fiction by Thom Nickels

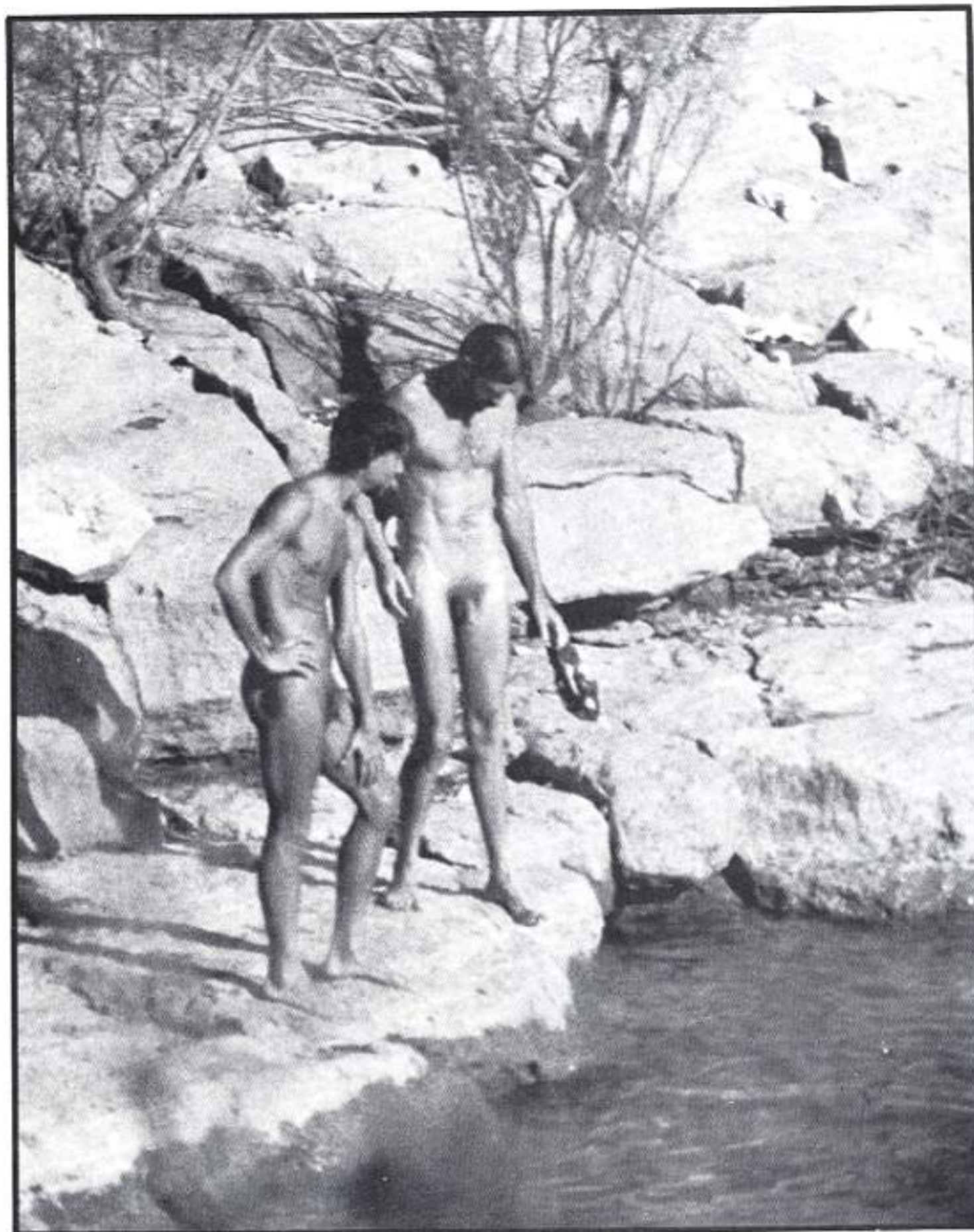
Illustration by Chris Nickens

AUSTIN

Photos by Bob Shrader

Text by J. Ryan Walker

deep in the heart of ...



Skinny-dipping is popular at the Lower Colorado River Authority Park on Lake Travis.

Austin: picturesque scenery and friendly people, capital of Texas, home of a 'good ole time,' a city keeping pace with the future with its history intact.

Austin is a geographic blend, a meeting ground of the coastal gulf plains and rolling hills. Add a long winding river and several lakes to complete the beauty that is Austin.

Austin gays have found several spots to bask in the sun. At Lake Austin 'the guys' gather on the rocky shores of Queens Cove. Gays of all ages and sizes meet to swim and worship the sun.

Barton Springs, located at Zilker Park, is another recreation area Austin gays frequent. For a mere sixty cents one can bathe in just-above-freezing waters of the creek, or lay in the sun and people-watch.

Gay Community Service sponsors a volleyball game every Sunday afternoon at Ramsey Park, beginning at 3 p.m. Pease Park takes on a decidedly gay atmosphere on Sunday afternoons and cruising is an art and an obligation.

Austin is home to diverse lifestyles and communities. There is the affluent West Austin with mansions and millions, East Austin with low-rent projects and working people; the quiet suburban North Austin, white-collar and retired, and South Austin (apartment city) with students and young marrieds.

The gay visitor should not come to Austin expecting to be whisked away by a horse-ridin', bull-beatin' cowboy. Leave that to fantasy. The reality is a fun-loving, attractive gay crowd.

The capital of the State of Texas is still a place where the men are men, but today, a lot more of them are openly gay.

Gays manage to live in all areas of the city. No one section attracts an inordinate amount of gays. We settle where we like and gather at night at the discos and bars.

The bars do good business every night of the week. Austin accommodates three gay discos, two gay gameroom bars, two gay bookstores and a women's bar. Pearl Street Warehouse, The Austin Country, Friends and Lovers, The New Apartment, and The Private Cellar (home base for the Austin Motorcycle Club and the leather set) wait to greet locals and visitors alike.

Pearl Street Warehouse is the oldest and most frequented of the gay discos. It features a large dance floor, loud music and, Fridays and Saturdays, is open after hours. The bar caters to the college crowd and young working man. The dance floor is lowered and cruising is done from a walkway balcony over the dance floor. Dress varies from casual 'tack' to Gentleman's Quarterly hopefuls.

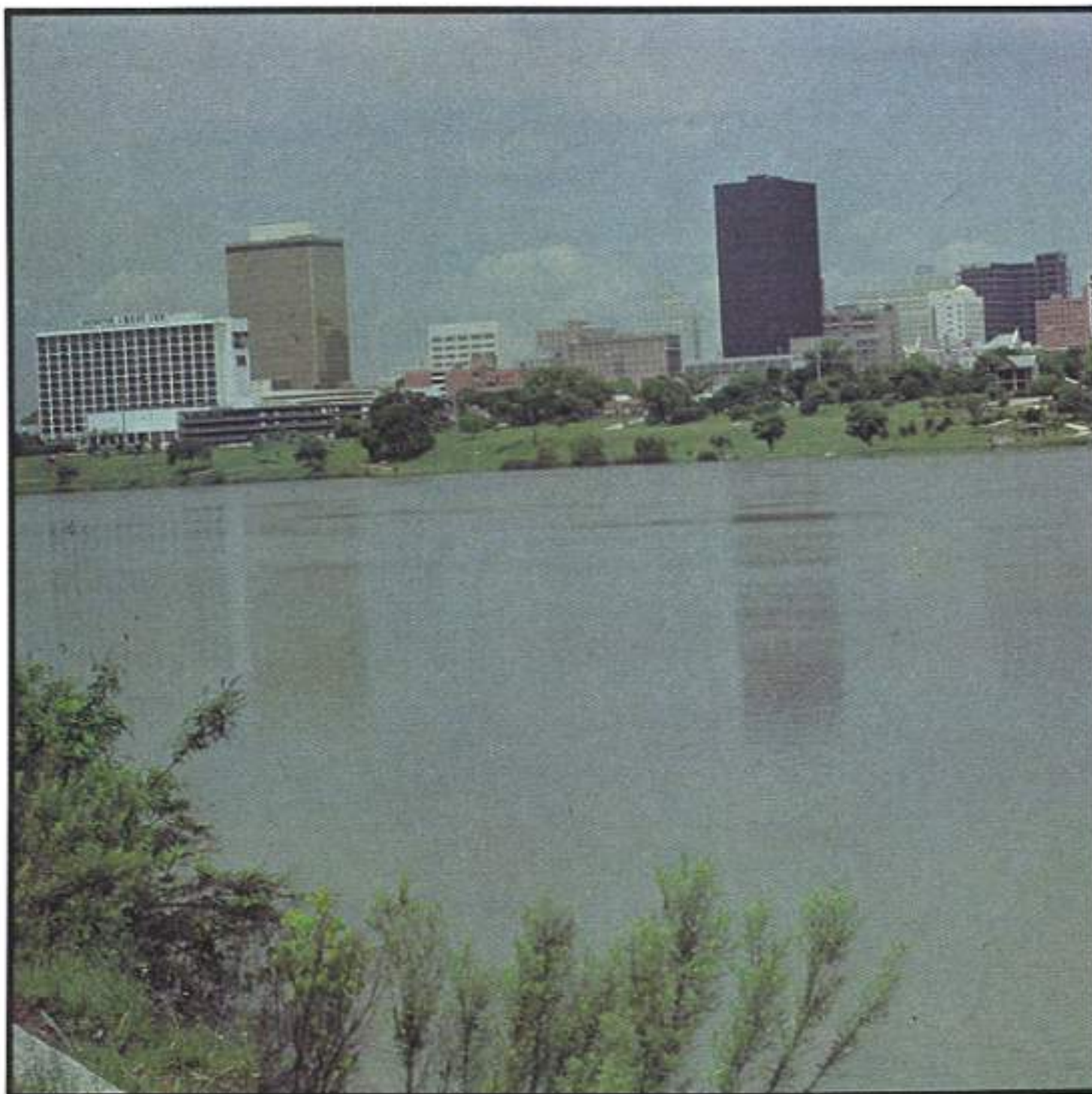
Austin Country is the gay community's show bar. Every Thursday a live, well-done drag show is staged by the Austin Country "show-girls." The Country also has a large dance floor and light show, a huge T.V. screen, throw pillows for cuddling, and a game room.

Friends and Lovers, an old movie house gone disco, is the largest gay disco. Friends offers two bars, a quiet one on the second floor and a larger one servicing the dancers.

If pool playing, beer drinking and



You're more likely to see soccer than bronco-busting on Austin's playing fields.



jukebox music make you happy, try **The New Apartment**. This is the bar for those who seek to avoid the loud blaring disco music and want to simply mix and mingle.

The Private Cellar is much like **The New Apartment**, but on a larger scale. Sunday is all-day Happy Hour and a popular day of the week at this bar.

There are no gay restaurants, but one all-night establishment, **JoJo's**, does attract the after hours crowd. **The Austin Club Bath** caters to the needs of the bath crowd.

Gay books, magazines and toys can be purchased at either **Mr. Peeper's Bookstore** or **The All-American News Stand**.

We, as Austinites, are proud of our fine orchestra and growing ballet. For the symphony fans, there is the **Austin Symphonic Orchestra**, which gives quality concerts through the fall and spring.

The **Austin Civic Ballet** has steadily been gaining recognition for fine performances.

Theatre too, is popular here in River City. **The Country Dinner Playhouse** is synonymous with fine musicals and professional drama. They feature road shows and big name entertainment.

The Mary Moody Northern Theater on the St. Edwards University campus provides another Austin stage for the arts. Here St. Edwards students play supporting roles to professional leads.

The political and social attitude toward gays is rather 'don't bother me, I won't bother you.' Much of the city's casual attitudes toward gays can be credited to the liberal influences of the sprawling University of Texas. UT recognized the campus gay organization as a legitimate campus club years ago.

Austin has two ordinances protecting gays in the areas of job discrimination and public accommodations. When the ordinances were passed, a local reactionary tried to mount a recall effort. Most people viewed him as a madman and, not having the backing or 'calling' of Anita, he soon babbled himself into oblivion.

Austin is diverse. Offering fat stock shows and ballet, live rock concerts and grand orchestral performances, religious havens and a party crowd that seem to know only drinking and dancing.

The gay visitor is advised to call **The Gay Community Service** at 477-6699 for any information he may need on Austin gay life. Operating hours are 6 p.m. to 10 p.m., Monday through Sunday.



"MY ROOMMATES MADE ME PROMISE I'D INTRODUCE YOU TO THEM TONIGHT...."

SAN FRANCISCO COWBOYS

by Howard Klein & Steven Seid

A look at the love affair between San Francisco gays and Country/Western music.

San Francisco lies at land's end, the very edge of the frontier. It's a city with all the daring and delirium of its predecessors, the men who stepped out of the tamed cities of the East and walked into the wilderness. They were gutsy, crazed people, those frontiersmen, riding the trail into obscurity one step ahead of convention and domesticity. And that wilderness, that empty land, was a lonely place. It took a rare breed of

men to survive the drastic elements and grave uncertainty. But they were men who could find pleasure in hardship and revel in the few moments of genuine joy.

Well, sometime around the year 1900, some historian declared that the frontier was closed; the Western push was over. For that historian the racial pursuit of the twilight horizon was probably over in 1492. But all the lust and vigor of the frontier still exists in San Francisco

today. Try going to the Cinch on a Wednesday night — that might convince you. As you're walking down Polk Street on your way to the bar, the first thing that might impress you is the sound of gunfire and the staccato beat of horses' hooves. Then turn in through the rough wood doors and take a look around. What you will see might remind you of a roundup, only these men clad in chaps, cowboy hats and boots are watching *Red River* or *Stagecoach*, because it's Western movie night at one of the City's many Country/Western gay bars.

It's been quite a long time since they paved the streets and razed the hitching posts, and there hasn't been a shoot-out at Polk Gulch in years, but all the accoutrements of the Western life are faithfully reproduced right down to the Bull Durham. People have claimed that San Francisco is just a big "cow town" trying to be metropolitan like New York. Well, I don't want to die with my boots on and I like the **Rainbow Cattle Co.** because they don't play disco music. In fact, just mentioning the name Gloria Gaynor is like whispering "Black Bart" in the trembling ear of Pauline. It's Waylon Jennings, Hank Williams and Tanya Tucker that fills the rugged interiors of The Cinch and **The Golden Rivet.**

Take the Rainbow Cattle Co. for example: if it's a weekend, Ramrod is probably playing. They're a local C & W band and a favorite of the Cattle Co. regulars. Well, when they get to playing one of those down home tunes like "San Antonio Rose," complete with riffs Nashville would be proud to call its own, the place starts shaking like a bed with magic fingers. Perched on the heavy wooden beams overhead, men wearing denim jeans and pearl button shirts are hootin' and howlin', with golden sprays of beer arcing out of their mugs. Below them on the planked floor, a whole herd of brawny men are caught in an ob-

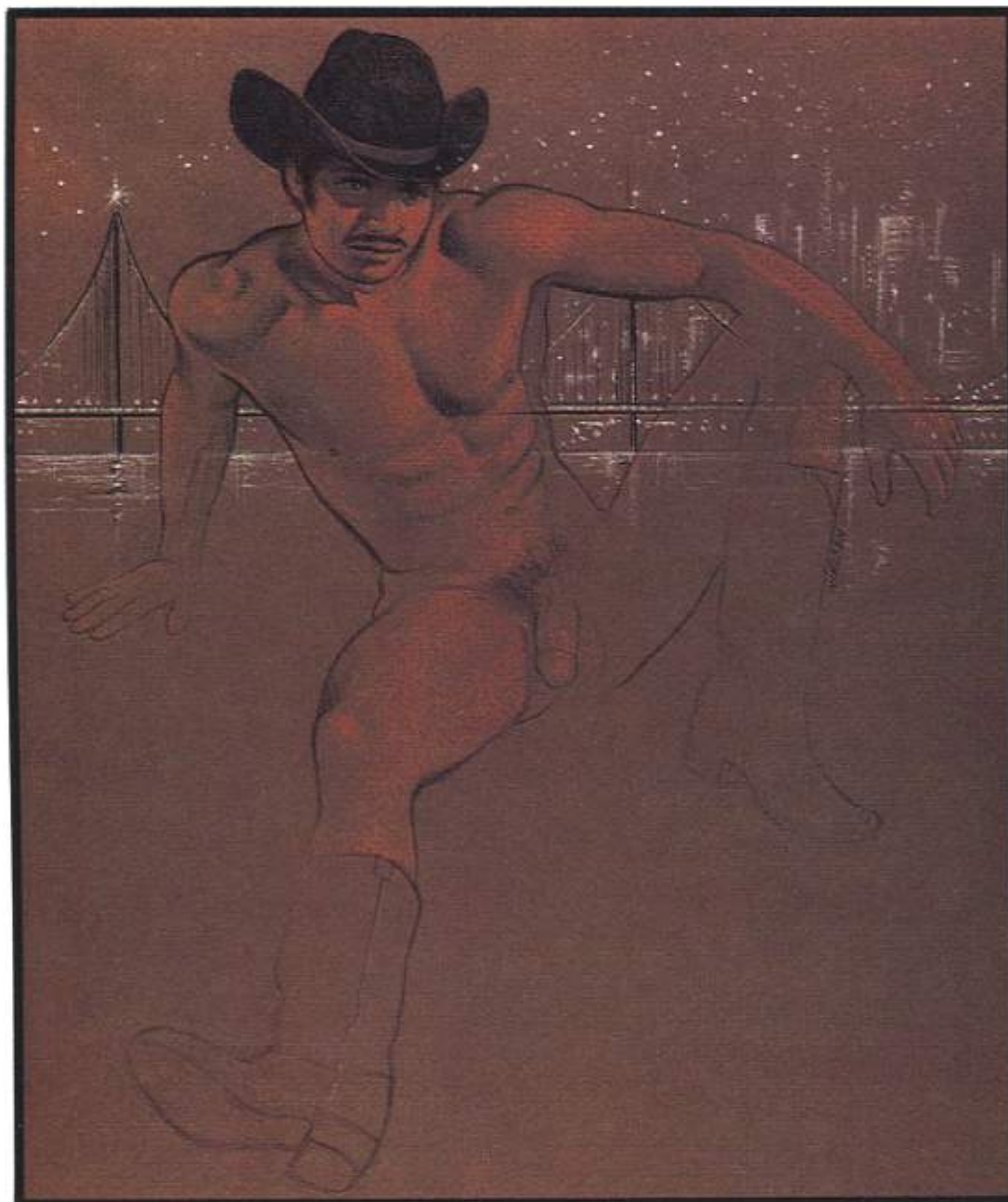


Illustration by Nielson

livious whirling hoedown. Men dancing arm in arm, stomping through some of the meanest fandangos this side of Durango. It's just one tornado of varicolored flannel. You've seen it before; a bustling saloon in an old John Ford western, all the six-shooters are checked at the door and the booze flows hard like the Pecos. The only thing that might tip you off is the occasional pierced ear and the obvious absence of the climactic fight. Nothing can clear out the Cattle Co. except last call or a Dolly Parton concert.

Country music is probably the most vital stuff around. It's got so much energy nowadays that Nashville and Austin couldn't contain it any longer, so it's been slowly creeping into the apple pie cooling on window sills as far away as Bangor, Maine and Tacoma, Washington. San Francisco, as usual, was quick to see a good thing and the gays, always keen observers of cultural change and modes of taste, were quicker. Long before Country artists have found a radio-oriented audience, the gay C & W bars are alive with the steel guitar and raspy voices of Country's best. Responsible, in part, for this phenomenon are the D.J.s at clubs like The Cinch and Rainbow Cattle Co. with their impeccable taste. Flip and Carl, D.J.s at the Cattle Co. and brethren from below the Smith and Wesson Line, have been turning audiences on to esoteric caballeros like Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings for years now. I mean, they've been playing Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys and Patsy Cline since the dark ages of Country/Western music; way back when C & W was considered shit-kicking music for inbred hillbillies. A couple of years ago no one had heard of Emmylou Harris or Dianne Davidson, but now they're sell-out acts at the Circle Star Theater, right next to Frank Sinatra and Ray Charles.

Of course, gay Country and Western fans in San Francisco have their own particular tastes and preferences, but then this isn't Memphis or Houston. Like everywhere else, the San Francisco gay community has its share of purists, the lovers of C & W's classical period. Their tastes go back to Hank Snow, Bob Wills, Roy Acuff and Ernest Tubbs. Then, too, there are the contemporary aficionados who listen to Tammy Wynette, Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn. Or the meeker enthusiasts who tired of Thin Lizzy and Led Zeppelin, but could only deviate as far as Linda Ronstadt, Charlie Daniels and the

Amazing Rhythm Aces. And we mustn't forget the "outlaws," Waylon Jennings, Tompall Glaser, David Alan Coe, Kris Kristofferson and Willie Nelson, long-time cult heroes in San Francisco's gay cowboy bars.

Songs that gay people can identify with easily gain a strong, fervent following in the bars much quicker than they catch on at KNEW, the Bay Area C & W station. Willie Nelson's *Red Headed Stranger* l.p. was hailed in San Francisco's oldest gay magazine, *Vector*, as "the most outstanding song cycle to come out of American male experience in many years. *Red Headed Stranger* lends itself even more easily to a soulful experience of a gay people's epic than anything by Barbra Streisand or Bette Midler." The album became the #1 hit in all the gay Country bars in San Francisco long before it was recognized on the local media.

Where gays once faithfully adored female vocalists like Judy Garland and Barbra Streisand, many in The Cinch and The Cattle Co. bubble over exuberantly when

the D.J. plays Patsy Cline or Crystal Gayle. Dolly Parton, with her hyperbolic hair and truck-driver's-dream body, was the big cult figure two years ago. Dianne Davidson played two consecutive weekends at the Rainbow Cattle Co. with no previous advertisement and sold out. And that obvious favorite, Tammy Wynette's "Stand By Your Man," continues to command strong fidelity among gay C & W fans. Then, too, there has been a perceptible change in the media. When KCBS/fm, a local pop station, revamped its format to allow more time for the "mellow sound" which wonderfully included a large segment dedicated to progressive Country music, gay restaurants, shops and bath houses showed their appreciation by tuning in, en masse. The station, which received rave reviews in the gay press, has quadrupled its listening audience since the format change and many San Franciscans — gay and straight — in the transition between Pop and real Country now find it amenable to their new tastes. This new shift in pro-

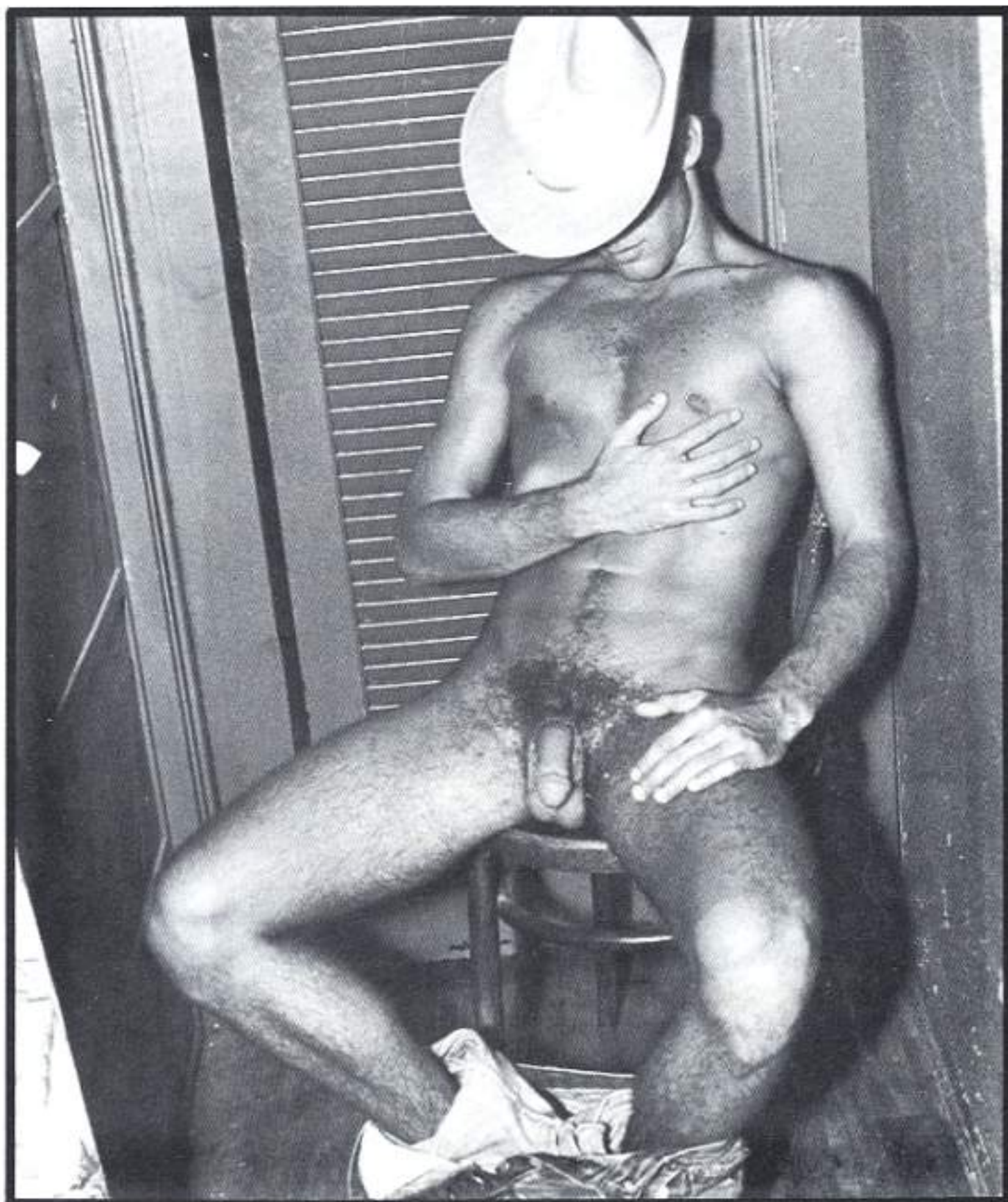


Photo by Jim Yousling

gramming is not just an isolated incident. KFAT, an established C & W station in the peninsula, recently focused their attention on the more progressive Country modes and suddenly found themselves with a massive gay following. And KDHS, a local gay broadcaster, just added two hours of Country/Western hosted by D.J. Carl Giaraffa to their airwaves. It's only the first ripples of a tidal crest.

You may wonder why Country/Western offers such an attraction for the gays of San Francisco. Some have tried to trace the "blame" to a surfeit of disco music. It can't be denied that disco music is marked by a certain monotony where a danceable beat takes precedence over melody and lyrics. But regardless of this low-level inspiration, gays are "supposed" to like the unrelenting hack and chop of disco. Perhaps John Bonbarell, a tall cowpoke from Waco, Texas who proudly wears a pair of finely tooled boots, says it best: "I was born in Texas and brought up on country music. It was the music that was there. But it was damned good and natural to your instincts. When I moved to New York, everyone said if you're gay you're supposed to like Gloria Gaynor and Barbra Streisand.

That's a lot of crap. Just because I like men doesn't mean I can't like good music. All it means is that I like men." That is one reason why gays like C & W and it seems perfectly plausible. Country/Western is just "damned good" music.

Another important reason springs from the ambience surrounding Country/Western. Traditionally, C & W has always been the music of the cowboys. Think of the young John Wayne, Gene Autry or Roy Rogers. It was the music that men sang to each other during the lonely cattle drives, a sonority to fill the empty spaces. It is a romantic notion, a notion that finds its strength at the very core of American myth. Essentially, it was music to serve as a bulwark against the desolate land, a buffer between the elements and personal chaos. The cowboy was a stoic, riding, solitary, through an oppressive landscape. There was silence to his strength and a strength in his song. The gay man is just another cowboy riding through an oppressive land. But now the plains are gone and the risk of adventure forgotten, now the threat of uncharted mountains has been exchanged for the hostile canyons of the city where you can lose yourself amongst the insignificance like a

foresaken traveller in the wintery snow-drifts. The gay male is just like the cowboy who rode out of town looking for something more than monotonous security. He was ornery and a misfit. But what could be more American? The country was built by men who believed there could be more and were sure enough to risk it all.

The gay cowboy is a modern myth. It's not a costume, the fancy satin shirt, tattered jeans and riding boots, that he wears. It is a posture and an appearance against the drag of uniformity. And gays have never been known as staunch conformists. So put him in a rustic bar and play some of that mournful Hank Williams and then feel that old strength and vitality come roaring back up the Chisum Trail. That is why they love *Ride The High Country* and *Duel In The Sun* at The Cinch. And why George Jones and Hank Snow tunes can be heard billowing from The Golden Rivet and The Rainbow Cattle Co. Well, it's two o'clock, the bar is closin' and I got to be moseyin' on... so give me a home where the buffalo roam and the deer and the antelope play....



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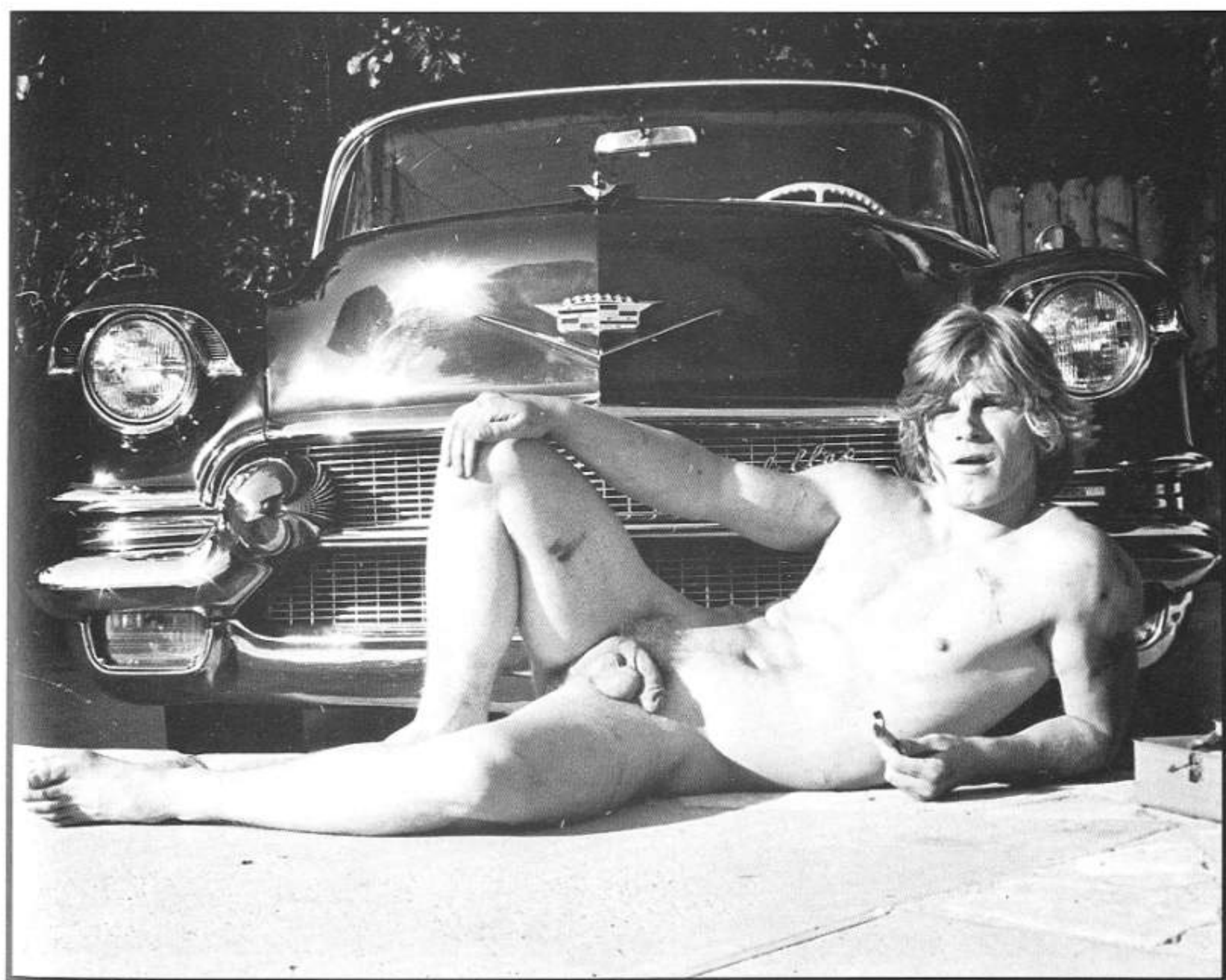
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introducing *John Thomas*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R.J.S.

John Thomas is 22, a Taurus, and a native-born Californian. He likes to think of himself as a country boy, but don't believe it.

A lover of the outdoors — especially if there's a football or soccer ball nearby, a pair of water skis under his feet, or a dirt bike between his legs — John also finds ample time to tinker with that other California mania, cars. "They're just like people," John says. "They need plenty of TLC and a good workout every now and then." When not getting greasy checking dipsticks, John likes to curl up and listen to soft rock. He works as a bartender in Hollywood, where patrons



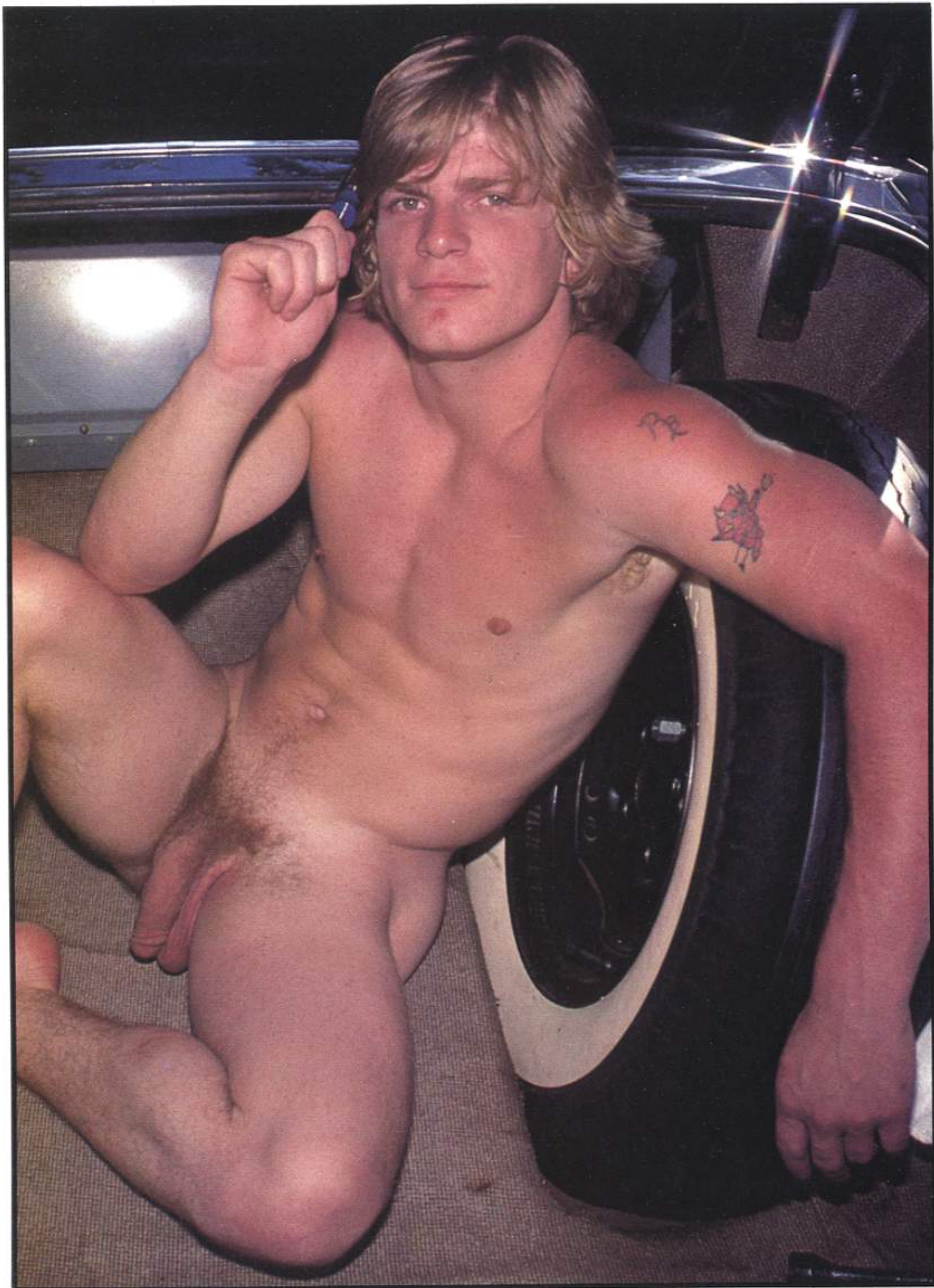


appreciate his "live-and-let-live" over-the-bar rapport. He'd like to be an actor, but will settle for "any job with a comfortable pension and a mandatory retirement age of 40." Good thinker, that John.



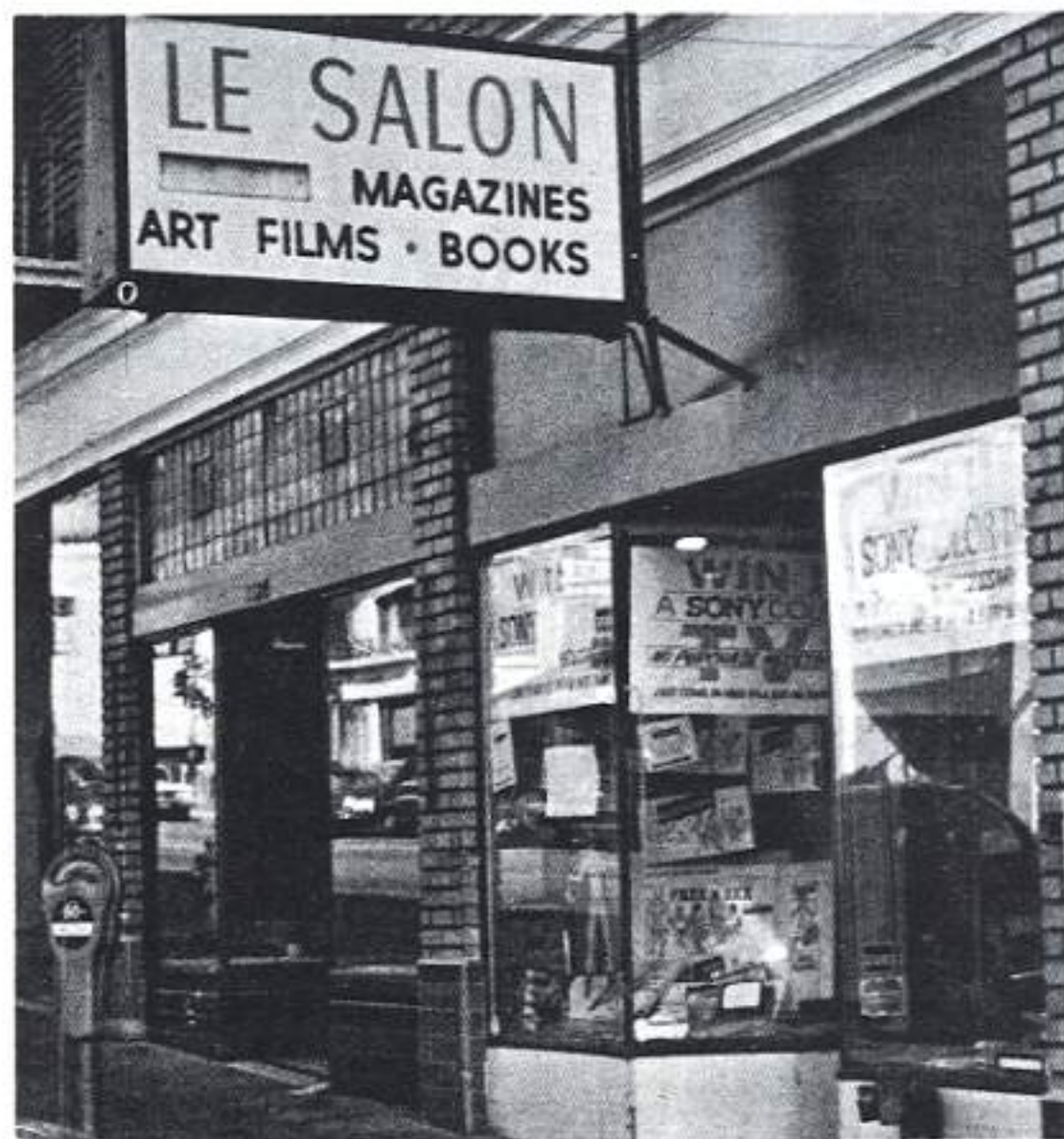






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A stylized, high-contrast black and white illustration of a figure. The figure has a large, pointed headpiece with two circular ornaments on either side. The face is characterized by a wide, open mouth and closed eyes. The figure's arms are raised with hands spread, and its legs are also spread apart. The entire figure is rendered in a stark, graphic style with no mid-tones, set against a dark, textured background.

Few herbs have seen such a shift in reputation as sarsaparilla. American Indian medicine men once cured physical and sexual debility with it. In the 1800s sarsaparilla became a national craze when it was used as a spring tonic. Then, in 1939 scientists found the secret of its power. Sarsaparilla is one of the few natural sources of testosterone, the male hormone. A high testosterone level in the body promotes sexual potency. Sarsaparilla is only one of the reasons Wilmont Herbal Blend makes a man into a stud. Here are some more facts:

A. It's 100% pure herb power! A stimulating mix of powdered damiana leaves, sarsaparilla root and kola nut.

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A. The peak sexuality age for men is 18 to 20. After that our bodies produce smaller quantities of hormones. Disease, radical surgery, trauma, and the side effects of various drugs can also cause circulatory ills which interfere with normal sexual function. Wilmont Herbal Blend cleans and strengthens the urinary and sexual tracts so well that many customers tell us they achieve bigger, harder, prolonged erections with regular use. Other benefits are a higher energy level and increased sexual vitality.

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(continued from page 24)

"Then John and I split up, and I moved to Long Beach. Because it was more openly gay than Anaheim, I'd say. Meanwhile I had worked at a beer bar in Garden Grove, and then I was offered a job at a show bar, where I worked about six months as a go-go dancer, stripping down from cut-offs and shirt to a bikini. But then things sorta fell apart and I quit, and in the summer of '74 got my own apartment, just to be alone. I was sick and tired of roommates.

"My recent relationships are what I call 90%-type relationships. 'I'll see you when I can see you, most of the time, most every day if I can. I enjoy being with you, staying home with you, going to bed with you, going to the movies with you, or anything else. But don't completely engulf me. I have to have that element of freedom, so that if I'm called for a job in Las Vegas for three weeks I'm gonna go, and I'm not gonna have to worry about you.' That's my life."

Christmas of 1974, Bob's very Italian parents visited with him in Long Beach. He used the occasion to tell them of his lifestyle. "I sat them down, and explained the whole thing to them. And that is was not their 'fault.' I think I was born this way. I'm very into astrology and the occult and reincarnation, and I feel that in a previous life I was probably a girl, and this life is a hangover of that. I don't recall ever having straight tendencies. My folks were pretty upset, at first, but now I really think the family relationship has strengthened."

For ten years the pattern persisted: jobs in bars, working with a florist, in retail sales, nearly all terminating either unexpectedly or unpleasantly. Plus a series of Prince Charmings. "I've always been *with* somebody," he muses, "and they're hindering me as far as that is con-

But, Bob Cavallaro is proof that persistence and hard work *do* pay off. Having desperately wanted to be in some aspect of the entertainment field, he has finally gotten the requisite composite and portfolio together, and is taking vocal lessons regularly. "You always hear that if you really want it bad enough you're going to get it, and you'll give up everything to do it, and train for it," he summarizes "And that's where I'm at right now!"

— Jeremy Hughes

BERNIE ORLANDO

Homosexuals have made major breakthroughs in a variety of fields over the past few years, and now we can count among our number a world-record-holder, soon to be so acknowledged in the next edition of Guinness. He is Bernie Orlando, a Minnesota-born 35-year-old who, in Dec. '76, broke the world's record (60 seconds) for escaping from a straight jacket. *His* time: a phenomenal 17 seconds!

Aside from his birth there in St. Paul, on April 19, 1942, the signal event of Bernie Orlando's formative years was the 1953 Tony Curtis movie, *Houdini*. "From that moment on," Bernie says, with utter conviction, "I put my mind to it that I'm going to be the world's greatest escape artist before I die. I'm going to be more famous than Houdini. So I started right in having friends tie me up every way they could think of, and I'd wriggle free."

Opportunities for a career as an escape artist being at best limited in St. Paul, Bernie enlisted in the Navy and went into Special Services, perfecting his escape act in such exotic climes as Guam, Japan, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands. His first escape from a straight jacket, in the spring of 1959, was intermission time during a "smoker" (*i.e.*, boxing matches) at the Naval base on Subic Bay in the Philippines, to an audience of some 3,000 sailors. That escape took 15 minutes, but he never once doubted he could do it successfully because, as he tells you simply, "I don't give up."

High point of his hitch in the Navy occurred *above* the huge outdoor stadium at Pearl Harbor's mili-

tary base. A benefit was held there in the early fall of 1961, with tickets going at \$100 per, to raise money for the completion of the U.S.S. Arizona War Memorial. Among entertainers present were Elvis Presley, Minnie Pearl, and . . . Bernie Orlando. Bernie notes with admiration that "Elvis Presley bought 300 of those \$100 tickets and gave 'em to the military personnel who were in Tripler Army Hospital there in Hawaii."

As to his act, "That was the first time I did my 'helicopter escape,' tied to a helicopter by one foot on a 100-foot cable. You have to be exactly 100 feet beneath the helicopter because when the blades rotate that's the calmest area. Anyhow, I was tied by only one foot — gives a better show — and hung upside-down in my straight jacket. Then I got out of the jacket, dropped it on the stage, and they flew me off." This time, it only took 8 minutes.

After 3½ years in the Navy, Bernie returned to St. Paul, knowing now that he loved and enjoyed show business, but also that "St. Paul's like about 18 years behind the times in everything!" So, after two frustrating years, he hitchhiked to San Francisco, arriving with less than a dollar in his pocket. "Didn't have any equipment, no chains, no ropes, no straight jackets, nothing," he recalls, "so I hustled for about six months, through the winter of 1964-1965. I had a little 'spot' on Powell and Market that I worked. And I saved my money and bought new equipment."

"Then I got a show at the Hula Shack, a dyke bar on Harrison and Seventh. But they told me that if I wanted to go onstage I'd have to do it as a female impersonator, so I was billed as 'the only female contortionist and escape artist in America!' At midnight, the girls would tie me up and nail me into this coffin, with 100 feet of ropes on, and I'd escape out of the ropes inside the coffin, then I'd kick the top off and pop out."

Not too promising a professional start for one whose sights were set on being the best in the world, so for the next ten years Bernie worked at a variety of "civilian" jobs, climaxing as manager for Pussycat Theatres in Sacramento, where he had retreated following a break-up with his lover. He was transferred to a similar position in L.A. during 1974 but quit in Aug. of '75 to work with Zero to Success, an organization which deals with gay handicapped people. During that ten-year hiatus, however, his mind

was not fallow. Escape stunts eternally preoccupied him, "working out new ideas in my head," as he explains.

He finally talked Zero to Success into letting him do a benefit for them, and his career got its second start on Sept. 21, 1975, at the Long Horn Saloon. The enthusiasm of that audience led to an engagement

nie states with his customary dedication to detail, "during the course of which yours truly escaped out of one regulation straight jacket 257 times, while marching along in front of a car with my name on it. Over 100,000 people saw that parade, and they loved it!"

Not one to rest on his laurels, Bernie capped his career in March



a month later in the Halloween show at Trooper's Hall, "and ever since then I haven't had any other jobs except show business, and I'm moving forward now and don't plan any other job," he asserts proudly, even defiantly.

Bernie considers his biggest honor to have been July 4th, 1976, when he received a personal invitation from Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley and the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of Los Angeles to be in the big Bicentennial Parade. "The whole parade route went 10.8 miles," Ber-

of this year when, for the filming of the movie *Journey Into The Beyond*, he made himself a small niche in history by being the first man to escape from a flaming straight jacket suspended from a crane high over a New Orleans street.

Why would anyone in his right mind try something like that?

"It's my business," Bernie says, philosophically. "People like to see the impossible, and I like to give it to them."

— Jeremy Hughes

San Diego

Flying into San Diego is always an experience, and one of your first clues that San Diego is totally different from anywhere else you've ever been. San Diego International Airport is located just a stone's throw from the downtown business district, which has earned it the dubious honor of being one of the most difficult of all U.S. cities to enter by air. Incoming planes swoop so low over the city, passengers feel they can almost reach out and touch some of the taller buildings.

After this bit of aerial acrobatics, however, even freaked-out newcomers have to admit that this is entrance and that, if anything, it's certainly "different."

And that's what San Diego's all about. It's different. It's a tropical vacationland with year-round sunshine. Where else can you spend Dec. 25 lazing around the pool in cut-offs, sipping Margaritas and listening to Bing Crosby croon "White Christmas?"

Where else can you dig your toes in white sand along the beach, breathe in the ocean air, and then hop right in your car, drive about 12 miles and take in a bullfight in Mexico, all in the same day?

Where else can you find the world's largest collection of zoo animals?

And where else can you find the only legal nude beach in the country?

San Diegans call it "America's Finest City." Whether or not outsiders agree, they must admit it's different. The U.S. Weather Bureau says the climate here is the most inviting in North America. Average temperatures range from a low of 64 in January to a high of 78 in August. The thermometer is known to slip up in the nineties every now and then, but for the most part, generally mellow temperatures prevail.

The weather isn't the only thing that's mellow in San Diego: the sun-loving (and fun-loving!) gays here are just as mellow. Absent is the frantic, breakneck frenzy that drives other large cities. The pace is slower here, the mood more relaxed.

Despite its mellowness, however, the gay community is very much alive. There are over 70,000 gays in the city (the ninth largest in the country) alone, with about an equal number living outside the city limits in San Diego County. What these 140,000 embody is a "something-for-everyone" attitude.

One of the more popular night spots is the **Ball Express**, the city's largest gay disco. Located at 4025 Pacific Coast Highway, it's generally regarded as *the* music spot, especially on Saturday nights. The "something-for-everyone" theme is especially strong on these nights, as evidenced by overwhelming crowds boasting diverse backgrounds. The crowd is young and generally the most spirited to be found in town.

The Ball Express also sets the stage for "Hot Summer Nites," an annual 12-week cabaret season of top-name singers and entertainers. Kicking off this year's season was Lana Cantrell, closely followed by the electric Gotham from New York. This was the second year the shows were staged in San Diego, a city that doesn't have cabaret entertainment of this nature year-round. Hopefully, full-time programs will come, but until then, "Hot Summer Nites" is among the entertainment year's best.

Not only does the **Barbary Coast** (2431 Pacific Coast Highway) "pack 'em in" every week, it's also the scene of a little extra "entertainment" added at no cost: a spine-tingling view of the planes landing at the nearby airport.

Nevertheless, the crowds inside seem oblivious to what's going on above. The Coast is much smaller than the Ball Express, providing a little more intimacy for dancing and conversation. The best crowds of all seem to jam in on Thursday nights.

Probably the best place to actually meet people without having to resort to lip-reading or sign language is **The Brass Rail** (3796 Fifth Ave.). Instead of elaborate sound systems and deejay booths, all it musically has is a jukebox. The dance floor is tiny, yet constantly gets a good workout every night.

The bar's main attraction, however, is its opportunity for chitchat. It's small enough that you can't help but say something to the person next to you, even if it's only to apologize for dribbling beer on him during some of your more intoxicated antics near closing time. And the jukebox keeps the noise level down, also aiding in conversation. For these reasons, the Rail is a good choice almost any night of the week.

One advantage for bar-hoppers is that several bars are in the same general vicinity. Just a block from the Barbary Coast, for example, is **The Club** (2501 Kettner Blvd.). It's a small, intimate place with a jukebox for dancing, and features home-cooked meals six nights a week.

A quick jump into the past is afforded by the **Press Room Saloon** (956 Second Ave.), in the historic Spreckles Building downtown. The atmosphere is unrivaled in San Diego: a long, high-backed bar with a mirror trimmed with stained glass; old, elaborate chandeliers; small tables with blood-red tablecloths and candles. Theater posters and framed pictures of yesteryear's sports stars and celebrities add the finishing touches to the walls.

Because of its nostalgic value, the bar especially is "home" for an older clientele. The theater crowd also makes the rounds at the Press Room, because it's located in the same building as the Spreckles Theater.

A Different Drum (3175 India St.) lives up to its name by being the only local bar to feature nightly go-go dancing. The bar periodically has "amateur night" dancing, and the crowds — as well as the prizes for the winners — are always huge.

For night owls looking for after-hours spots, **The Hut** (2581 University Ave.), **The Hole** (2820 Lytton) and **Kandy's Depot** (1005 Kettner Blvd.), are all open until 4 a.m. No booze is served (the cut-off time in California is 2 a.m.), but all specialize in steaming mugs of coffee to aid in the sobering-up process. The Hole is also known for its free fried chicken on Sunday nights at 8 p.m. It's best to get there early, though, because by 8:30 you



For athletically inclined gays, San Diego offers almost as much activity under the water as on top of it.

Text by Joe Ellert

Photos by Jeff Brewer

**Ideal weather,
beautiful scenery,
lots to do—and an
estimated 140,000
gays to do it with.**

**So what are you
just sitting there for?**

**The plane leaves
in half an hour....**



San Diego presents a picturesque skyline, as seen from the sailboat-dotted sea.



San Diego Zoo, the largest in the world, is located in the heart of cruisy Balboa Park.

may have a bone to pick (all puns intended).

While on the subject of chicken, there's the **Lombard Discoteque** (924 Columbia St.) for those interested in the "other kind" of chicken — mainly the kind under 21.

For those seeking alternatives to the discos, the city bubbles with many neighborhood bars. **The Bull Ring** (1355 Fifth Ave.) features a Western-Levi atmosphere, yet is friendly enough that even feathers and boas could feel at ease there. On top of it all, dinner is served nightly at moderate prices.

For those into the bath scene, San Diego is well represented with a choice of seven. The people's choice appears to be the **Fourth Avenue Club** (3955 Fourth Ave.), which was named "most popular overnight accommodations" at a local Academy Awards-type program. Club officials say they've got more lockers (268) and more rooms (40) than anyone else in town.

If an award were to be given to a bath for the most complete, all-around facilities, it would probably go to **Dave's Club** (4969 Santa Monica). Nestled away in the Ocean

Beach area, it has a "devastating" jacuzzi pool and heated swimming pool, both located outside. It's a little farther away from the bars than most of the other baths, but well worth the drive.

The **Vulcan** (805 W. Cedar) not only has top-notch facilities (patio sundeck, jacuzzi pool and a new disco sound system), but it is also located just minutes away from the popular Barbary Coast.

Three other baths have facilities in the downtown business district: **Glen's for Men** (867 Fourth Ave.), **Gent's Turkish Bath** (540 "F" St.), and **Atlas Baths** (743 Columbia St.).

The city's newest bath isn't really a bath in the usual sense of the word. The **4441 Club** (4441 University Ave.) defies any simple categorization. It's the only place in the city where continuous gay films are shown. San Diego has no gay theater of its own, and until the 4441 Club opened, the only films for public viewing were of the short peep-show variety at local adult bookstores.

If "drag" is your bag, some of the best female impersonators the Southland has to offer can be found at **Show Biz**, a supper club (1421 University Ave.). Two shows, as well as dinner, are presented nightly Wednesday through Sunday. The **Ball Express** also features similar entertainment with its "Lavendar Follies" shows Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights.

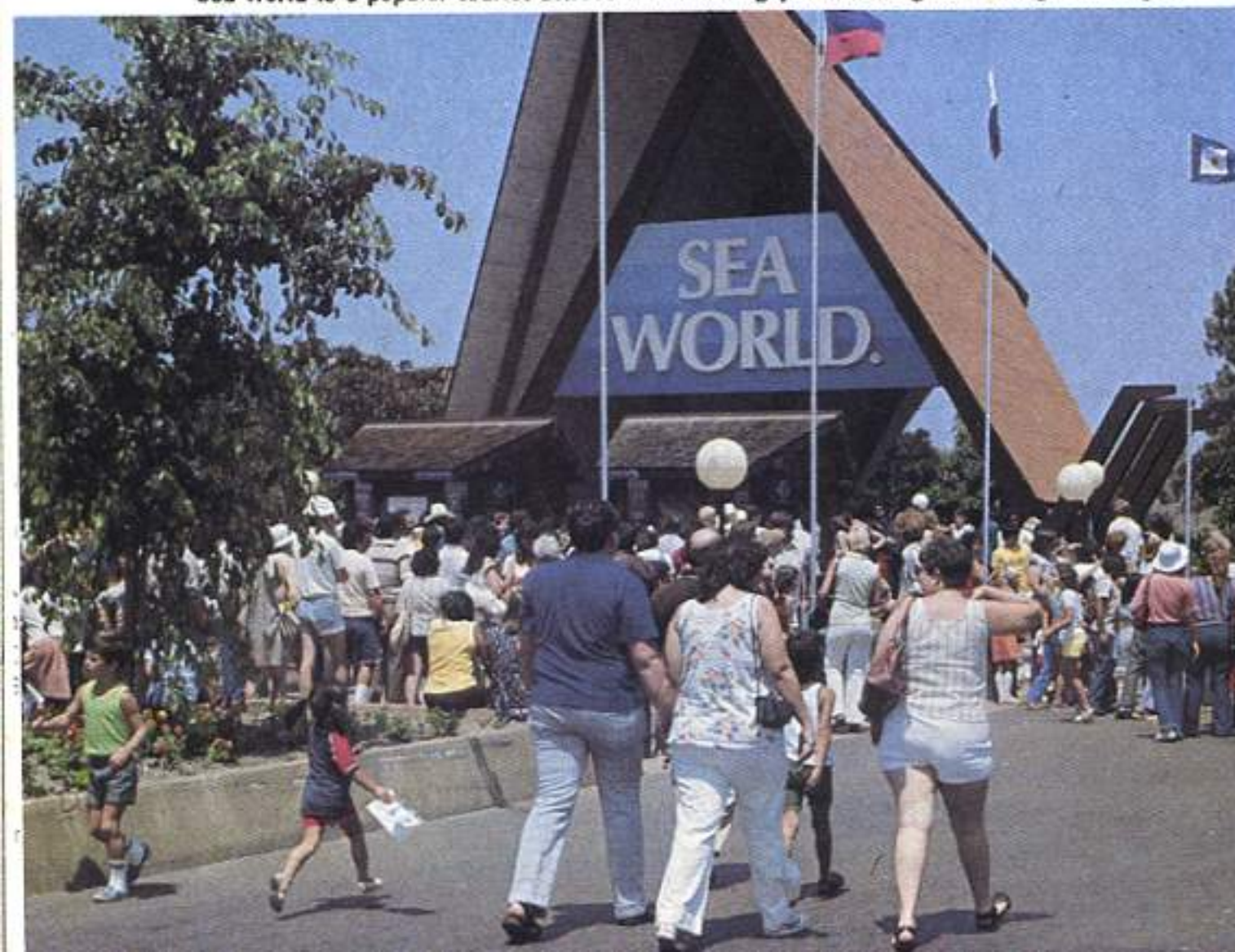
If you're looking for a bite to eat and also want to take in the beauty of neighboring La Jolla, try **King Richard's** (613 Pearl St.), in La Jolla. Another restaurant just starting to catch on with the gay crowd is **Frenchy Marseilles** (303 Plaza St. downtown).

The latest in literature — whether it be porno or of a more serious nature — is also easily found. The **F Street Bookstore** (321 "F" St. Downtown) boasts one of the largest selections of gay magazines and newspapers in the city. The establishment also has the largest offering of gay peep shows available.

The **Book Mark** (4077 Adams Ave.) is a "general interest" but gay-owned and operated, bookstore. The management is fairly upfront about its gay material, which is highly unique for a "regular" bookstore in a city noted for its conservative citizenry.

Looking for some of that "ol' time religion?" San Diego offers the **Metropolitan Community Church** (MCC) (1355 Fern St.), and **Dignity of San Diego**. The latter is a

Sea World is a popular tourist attraction for both gays and straights visiting San Diego.



group of Catholics and other interested persons. Not only does the group partake in a weekly celebration of the Mass, but also schedules social activities as well. The MCC also maintains a busy social schedule.

Probably one of the most vital organizations in the city is the **Gay Center for Social Services** (2250 "B" St.), a gold mine of information, whether for legal aid, military counseling, psychological care, etc. It maintains a Hotline (phone 232-7528, area code 714) and can give visitors and new residents almost any information they might need.

Another valuable social service center is **Stepping Stone**, an organization dealing with alcohol-related problems. The group has a building at 1168 23rd St., across the street from the Gay Center.

Tired of bars, bookstores and baths? Well, that problem's taken care of, too. San Diego is full of unconventional places to meet people as well. For starters, there's Balboa Park, one of the most beautiful parks in the country. It's a 1400-acre wooded area swarming with Spanish-colonial buildings and arcades containing museums, art galleries, theaters and restaurants, and the world-famous San Diego Zoo.

The zoo is set in a lush, 100-acre subtropical garden in Balboa Park and is world-famous for its animal population of over 5,000 — the largest in the world, including some of the rarest on earth. It's the only place outside Australia where koala bears have taken up residency.

The park's pastoral setting is an ideal place to soak up the sun, take in some volleyball, or just indulge in some plain ol' cruising. One area is so notorious for the latter that it's been dubbed "Queens' Circle."

Another unique setting for meeting gays is at any of the city's many ocean beaches. (San Diego County boasts 70 miles of white sand beaches, more than anywhere else in California. Sun-worshippers discover that not only does the sun always shine, but water temperatures are generally inviting as well.) One of the most exciting — and obviously so — is Black's Beach, the only legal nude beach in the country. Located near La Jolla, the beach offers the ultimate on the "something-for-everyone" scale. And even if you're not into socializing, at least you can get tan on some of those areas where the sun doesn't normally shine.

Mile after mile of free public beaches abound; the choices include

(continued on page 88)



SCORPIO

m



By Roger Asquith

HOROSCOPE

scorpio

October 24 — November 22

Is your vacation over? Suntan fading a little around the edges? Do the prospects look grim when faced with a hard, cold winter? Well cheer up—the summer may be over, but the sun is still out...he's out there somewhere, if you know where to look for him. What you need is a dirty weekend, so throw a few duds into the back of the car, stuff an extra ballet slipper in for that larger-than-life look, and go find some action. Make like a squirrel and go and get some winter nuts to chew on... you'll be amazed what comes up.

sagittarius

November 23 — December 21

This is the period of great activity, lots of comings and goings...but make sure the goings are after comings. Don't take on too much unless you are sure you can handle it and never without first warming your hands. If you're the type that lies back and takes it easy...well, we all need somebody like that in our lives, but a little variety can spice up your life, so next time you climb on board and take the tiller and all that nautical equipment and see how it feels to be on the top deck for a change. Who knows? You might turn into a sailor. Whoops!!!

capricorn

December 22 — January 20

Have you been with a real live one lately who was too much and too often? Couldn't you handle it? What you need is some exercise. Take a long look in the mirror and if you see anything sticking out that shouldn't be...flatten it, pummel it and melt it away. Build up your pecs and then go to the baths and let it all hang out. Somebody out there appreciates what you've got to offer and if he doesn't...well, add another ten spot and promise to fix breakfast all weekend...as long as he doesn't chew on more than he can bite off. Ouch!! Praise be to denture wearers.

aquarius

January 21 — February 19

If you've got plans to tackle a new proposition, then this is the time...only make sure his lover isn't home. Everything is fair in love and war, so go out and get it, drag it home and take what's coming. It's the only way, Duckie...it's either feast or famine, frustration or fantabulous, and since you've had both, you should know which end is up. If you've got what you want, be extra nice to him and tackle it from a new angle. If it feels good, keep it up...and they have the nerve to tell us the way to man's heart is through his stomach!!

pisces

February 20 — March 20

Somebody close to you is going to get rich, but only you know whose body you've been close to lately. You could butter him up and be nice, but K Y doesn't stain the sheets...so who needs the expensive spread? Don't be shy. If he wants to take you out for a splurge, then go. Drag out those low-cut, tight-fitting, asset-showing duds and go have yourself a ball...but remember to be home by midnight and take advantage of those extra hours in bed...otherwise you might have use for that pumpkin!!!

aries

March 21 — April 20

It seems there will be a little glamor coming into your life soon. What happened? Did you get the drag cleaned and send out the wig for a re-style? Just hang in there, Darling, and your Prince Charming will come for you, but don't cringe if he's wearing those crystal slippers—he needs his kicks too, you know. Life can be a ball if you learn to live with it. Study your own situation and get rid of annoyances, whether it be a lover who cheats or a roommate who doesn't pay his rent. You don't need either...unless they're exceptionally good in bed. Quick, go get annoyed.

taurus

April 21 — May 21

Can't help spreading the bull, can you? You big, strong cool charmer...at least that's what it says in this little black book. This is the time for completing uncompleted projects. The hole in the roof, the wobbly toilet seat, or the overnight guest who's begging for more while you're reading this crap. Go get him, you old Bull, you, and the more you spread it around, the more they'll like you. And remember if he offers to do your laundry, it's not because he has a new washing machine or some extra Tide...he wants to see where it's been...so go stiffen up a few sheets.

gemini

May 22 — June 21

Have you been dreaming big dreams these last few nights and awakened to a nightmare? Well kick the bugger out and go find your dreamboy, because this is the time your nocturnal visions should appear. They could be at the bar or on the beach, but keep looking and they'll be there. Of course, don't dream the impossible dream. Movie stars are all taken, and the cuties that are getting there are getting theirs...from the studio heads!! So lower your sights and concentrate downtown at the "Y," because that's where it comes from.

cancer

June 22 — July 23

If you loosen up a few restrictions you've put on yourself, your popularity will rise...in other words, take off that jock-strap and let it all hang out. Working out with "jocks" can be fun, especially when groping for the soap in the shower. And there's nothing like getting rid of that stiffness in the steam room, is there? If you haven't been on the "exercise route," look into it. It not only relaxes the tensions and tones up the muscles, but usually fills up the other side of the bed. And Honey, its sit-ups not jerk-offs that get rid of the flab.

leo

July 24 — August 23

Jupiter has been influencing your love life lately...if it's been good, tell him to do it again. If it's been lousy, tell him to go play with himself. There's no need to take yourself in hand—check out the nearest bar and oil up your zipper. You have a tendency to overspend in order to impress people. Cool it...when the next round is called for, how about a little impediment in your reach? You have a lot to offer, Duckie, so there's no need to juice it up with dollar premiums or blue/green stamps...and if they don't like it...screw 'em.

virgo

August 24 — September 23

Maybe the old crystal ball's a bit hazy today, but it says for you to check out financial opportunities from a broad!! So what have you been up to lately? Deserting the old side and playing ball on the other side of the tracks? Wait...it's clearing up, the financial opportunities will be coming from *abroad*...from foreign parts. Could it be you are taking in foreign students from the Oil States? Renting out that spare bed for a few thousand sheckles? Good for you. Let's hope he's under 22 and over 10, good-looking, passionate and does it like a rabbit. Now go find a space for his Lamborghini and clean up your balls.

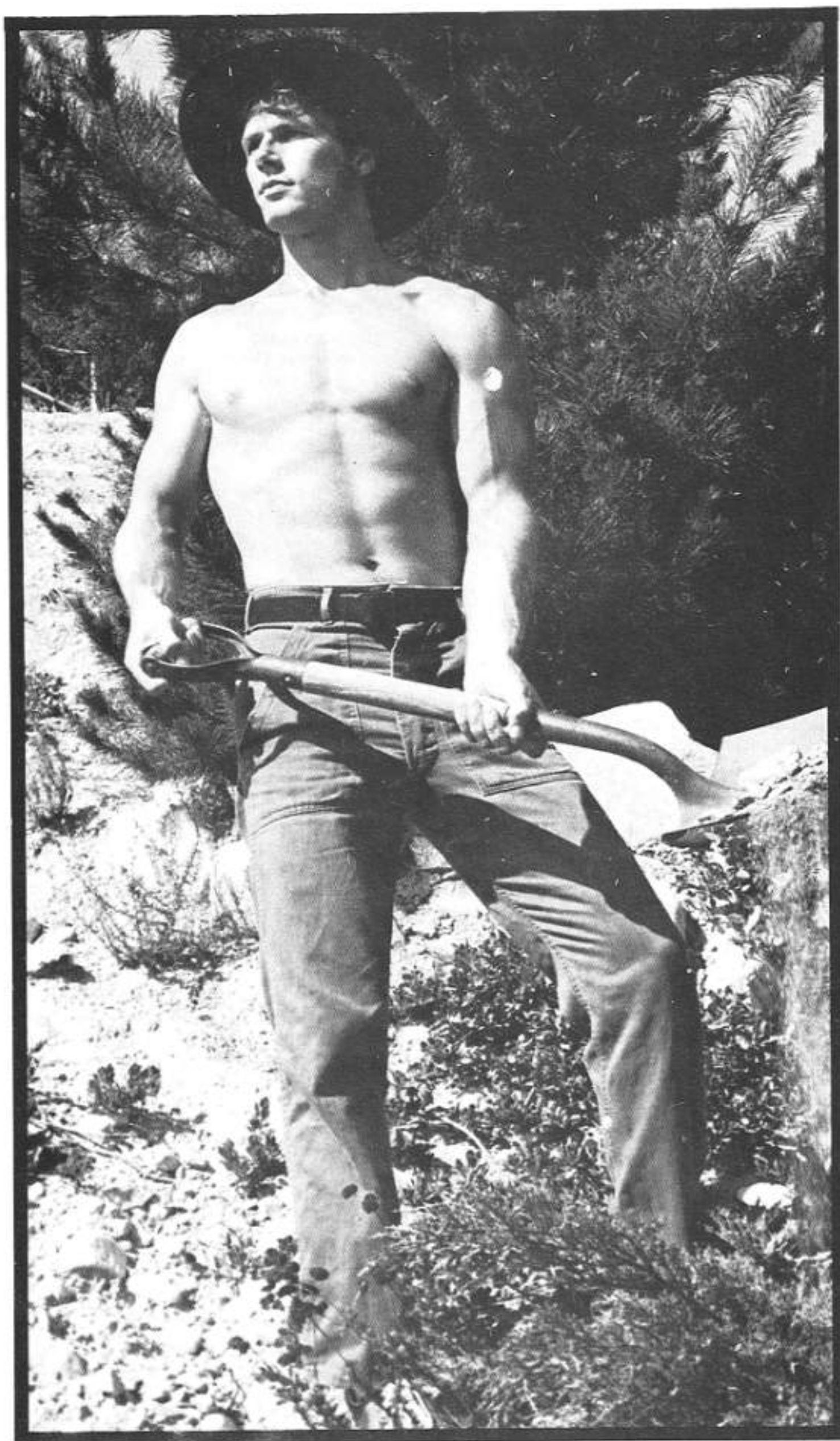
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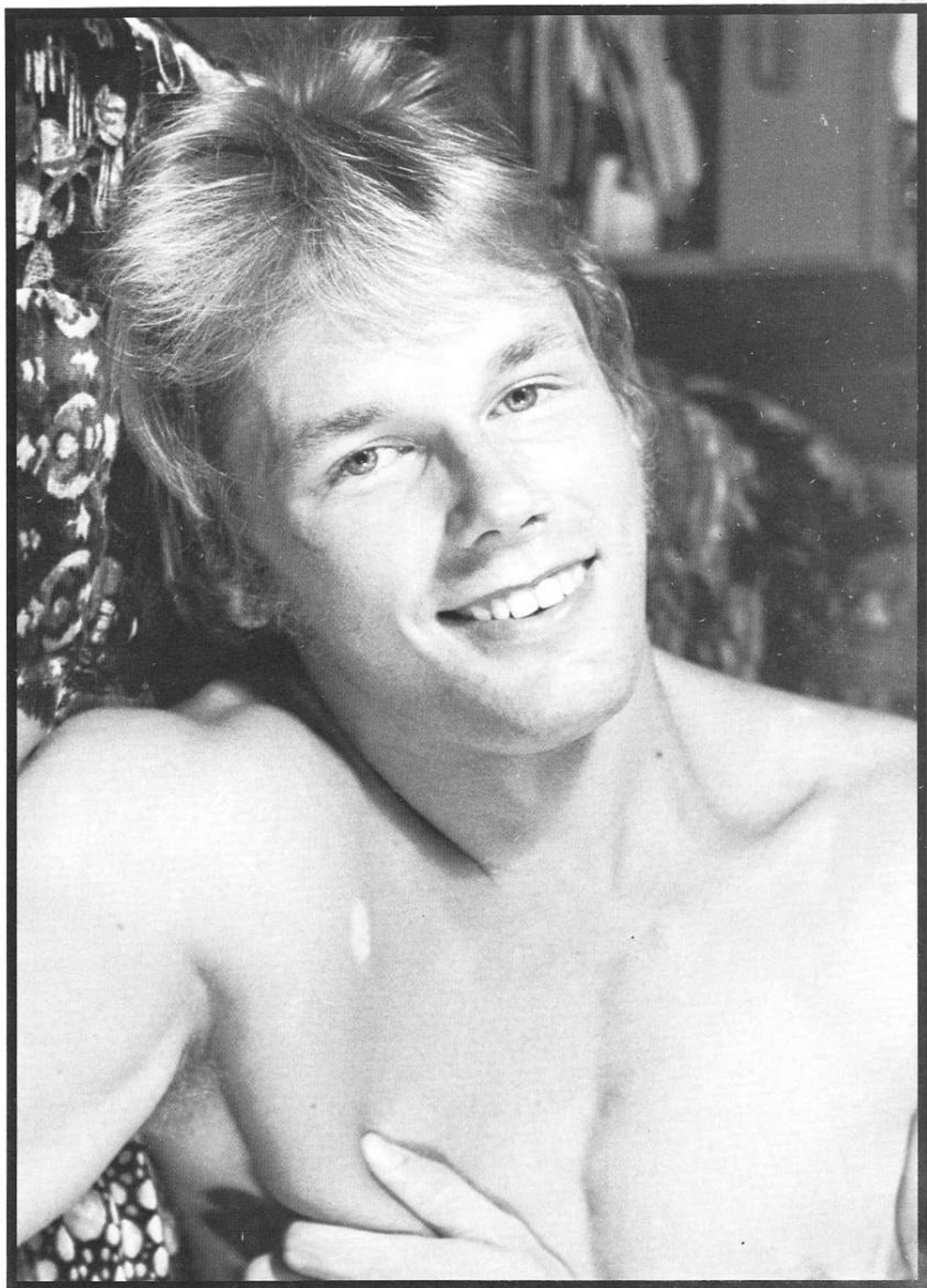
September 24 — October 23

Loneliness is not for the Libran—it's unnecessary. You have lots of charm, wit and *joie* to *vivre*, so go out and make somebody happy. Venus is slipping into Aries this month, so go out and slip something into Aries before Venus gets there...surely you know an Aries, they're always rearing to go. Now, go clean your teeth, powder your crotch and stuff in an extra sock for good measure, then take off and have a ball...but if Venus seems a better prospect, just remember his hang-up. Perhaps you'll like being slipped into. Now, now...just powder the crotch, Sweetheart, and forget the crystal earrings this time.

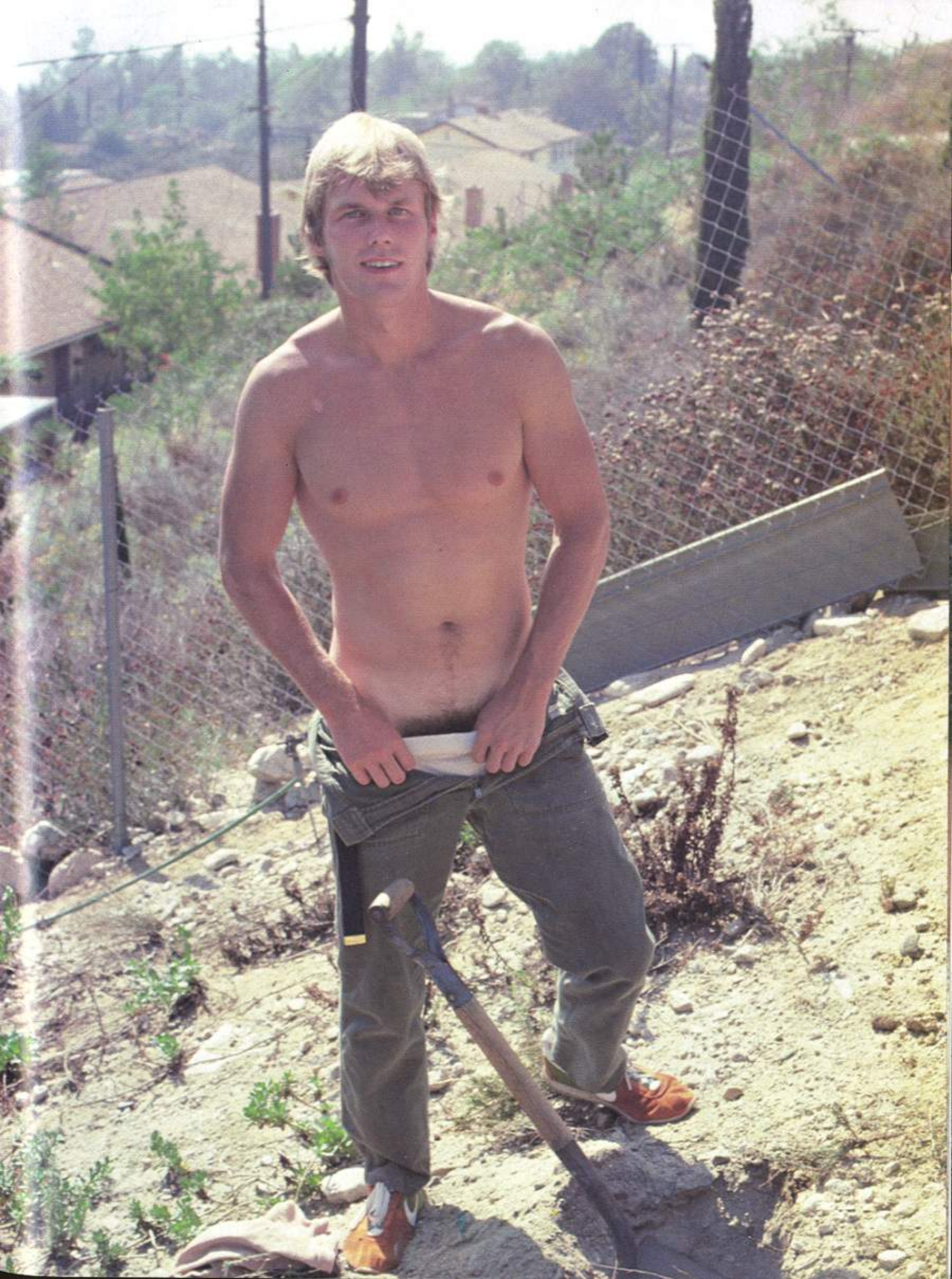
Michael Viren

You don't get a body like Michael Viren's by accident. Michael, a 23-year-old Aries, puts his 170# frame through some strenuous workouts, including weightlifting, running, and just plain hard work. Just out of the army, Michael hails from Michigan, where he was a champion skier. He plans to go to school in California, majoring in computer sciences. Though he may not look it, Michael's almost painfully shy, and devotes his non-exercising hours to chess and reading books on philosophy.











OSCAR WILDE

(continued from page 29)

comments place Wilde in the forefront of modern social reform, and demonstrate the extent of his quarrel with established society and its mores.

However, it is unlikely that much trouble would have come to Wilde had he confined himself to the essay, which is after all likely to have a small readership. The year before this essay, however, Wilde had published his only novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, and the year after would see his successful play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*. *Dorian Gray* was hastily written and largely derivative, but it insured a large popular success and wide public attention for this disturber of the peace.

Although the novel had its origins in the Gothic Novel with its traditions of the horrible and mysterious, it was also the first modern English portrayal of homosexuality in fiction. Of course, the sexual nature of the novel was never mentioned, but most readers did not doubt that among Dorian's secret vices was his sexuality. His name, Dorian, with its Greek overtones, was one hint, as were other references in the novel to Greek love and to Hellenism. Basil Hallward is clearly in love with Dorian—so much so that Wilde thought it best to tone down several passages when he was revising his text as it appeared in a magazine for book publication. In the first version, Hallward, who has something "purely feminine" in his nature, says, "I quite admit that I adored you madly, extravagantly, absurdly." Still, the novel is actually quite moralistic—all the "evil" characters end badly, and Dorian is condemned for his vanity and for his willingness to be influenced. He keeps his beauty but he loses his authentic self, and so commits what is for Wilde the biggest crime, an offense against one's own nature. What stuck in people's minds, however, was not the novel's moralizing, but its flip preface ("All art is quite useless.") and Wilde's famous epigrams ("The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it").

Wilde's great literary talent was finally revealed, however, not in the novel, but in his plays, which brought him considerable popular success as well as providing the best British comedies in almost a century. Wilde's comedies are based on the conventions of Restoration theater and are largely satires of pomposity and social custom. *Lady Windermere's Fan* begins as if it

were a boulevard farce, concerning an adulterous husband and a "good" wife, but turns out to be a serious examination of the idea of goodness. The world of *Lady Windermere* is based on pretense and hypocrisy; the women in it are concerned with marrying their daughters and preserving their reputations, the men with seducing other men's daughters and wives while preserving their own wives' reputations. But *Lady Windermere* discovers that "goodness" has nothing to do with social codes or even sexual conformity; instead it is a willingness to sacrifice oneself for others. Again Wilde used Christianity to attack the conventional society of his day. And he put a good deal of himself into the moving speech by Mrs. Erlynne, the "fallen" woman:

You don't know what it is to fall into the pit, to be despised, mocked, abandoned, sneered at—to be an outcast! To find the door shut against one, to have to creep in by hideous byways, afraid every moment lest the mask be stripped from one's face, and all the while to hear the laughter, the horrible laughter of the world, a thing more tragic than all the tears the world has ever shed.

Wilde's sympathy for the abused woman was real, but a good deal of it arose from his own perception of himself and other homosexuals who were ridiculed and mocked and who had to wear the mask of heterosexuality. Wilde's crime would be, of course, not so much that he was a homosexual but that he acted like one. Like Mrs. Erlynne, most English homosexuals of Wilde's time "go abroad" and live in exile on the Continent, or live a life of duplicity in England.

These two subjects would be concerns of two further plays, *Salome* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Wilde composed *Salome* in French, and it was never to be performed in England during his lifetime (although an English translation was prepared by Lord Alfred Douglas, and the edition was illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley—with Wilde approving of neither the translation nor the illustrations). *Salome* was a masterpiece of Symbolist drama, and it has gained immortality as an opera, with music by Richard Strauss. Wilde's play contrasted the ascetic John the Baptist and the sensual Salome, with Salome triumphing, executing (or castrating) John and then finally achieving her wish to kiss his mouth. There is a homosexual subplot, as the page watches the suicide of his beloved Syrian, dying rather than

see Salome make love to John and so betray his idealized love for her. Love is always a "crosscurrent," to use Swinburne's phrase, and passion is fatal. But London audiences were not to judge for themselves, or to see Sarah Bernhardt in the role of Salome, for the Lord Chamberlain held the piece "blasphemous," as it portrayed a character from the Bible.



They flocked, however, to see *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which remains Wilde's most lasting success. It is perhaps the most brilliant of English comedies. Victorian marriage-making, which meant checking into prices and values, was again the object of Wilde's wit. The women are hopeless idealists, like Cecily, or horrible gorgons like Lady Bracknell. The men, Algernon and Jack (or Earnest), are obliged to set up double lives. Algernon has invented Bunburying—he has an imaginary permanent invalid named Bunbury who is always in ill health and in need of a visit whenever Algernon wants to get away. Jack has

invented a younger brother named Earnest who provides him with an excuse for escape. Both have elaborate schemes of deception, which provide much of the humor in the play, and which also certainly have their source in Wilde's life as a married homosexual. He too must have had his Bunbury as a means of escaping Constance. It is said that he even claimed to have taken up golf, and that Constance believed him — for a while. The pun in Wilde's title conveyed one of his central meanings — an attack on Victorian seriousness. The play's run was not complete when Wilde began to learn just how serious some Victorians could be.

For about four years Wilde had been infatuated with Lord Alfred Douglas, the extremely attractive and indolent son of the Marquess of Queensberry. Queensberry, who gave his name to modern boxing rules, was a sportsman and a lecher. He was particularly anxious that his sons should be "manly," as he understood that concept. It certainly did not include being seen with Oscar Wilde and his artistic friends. Queensberry did not know whether his son and Wilde were having an affair, but he did not really care. He was offended by the appearance of homosexuality more than he could have been by the fact. Douglas appears to have wanted a way to get back at his father, and so, when Queensberry left a card for Wilde at his club, marked "For Oscar Wilde Posing as a Somdomite" (Queensberry couldn't spell), Douglas seems to have seen his chance for revenge and encouraged Wilde to charge Queensberry with libel. The result was, of course, the Marquis's acquittal and Wilde's arrest on charges of "gross indecency." Queensberry's lawyers had got hold, not merely of literary evidence, and Wilde's love letters to Douglas, but also of the keeper of a male brothel and a number of boys and young men who were willing to testify that they had been paid to have sex with Wilde.

Wilde's career was ruined (*Earnest* continued playing, but Wilde's name was removed), most of his friends deserted him, his life was destroyed. Wilde had testified brilliantly at the trials, giving a splendid defense of "the love that dare not speak its name." "It is that deep spiritual affection that is as pure as it is perfect. It dictates and pervades great works of art like those of Shakespeare and Michelangelo. . . . It is in this century misunderstood, so much misunderstood that it may

be described as the love that dare not speak its name, and on account of it I am placed where I am now. It is beautiful, it is fine; it is the noblest form of affection. There is nothing unnatural about it." But his moving speech could not alter the prejudices of the judge and jury. Wilde was sentenced to two years of hard labor. It was a terrible end to a great career. The prostitutes, they say, danced in the streets for joy. Good society heaved a sigh of relief. And the boat train to France was packed with English gentlemen, who thought they could see the handwriting on the wall.

Wilde himself was released after his sentence and went to live in France, where he died a few years later. His health had been destroyed; more importantly, he had no will to live. Beardsley cut him in the street in Dieppe; his children were forced to change their names and prevented from seeing him; he scrounged for money from Constance and from Douglas' mother, Lady Queensberry. But the condition for such grants was that he and Douglas not see each other, and although Wilde knew that Douglas was vain, petulant, and impetuous and had caused him most of his problems, he could never really give him up. Two literary works emerged from this bleak period. "De Profundis," a long letter addressed to Douglas from prison in which Wilde tries to come to terms with his destruction and Douglas' role in it, and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," a long tribute to a prisoner about to be executed and a testament to the ways in which prison had strengthened Wilde's commitment to human brotherhood and to the community of suffering. Wilde saw the destructive effect of prison and exposed it to those who would listen:

*The vilest deeds like poison weeds,
Bloom well in prison-air;
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair.*

Finally, like the Happy Prince, he had escaped his enclosed garden, and found a way to offer himself up for others. Oscar Wilde became a martyr so that others might not die, as he did. Alfred Douglas, alas, was no Swallow; he could not give Wilde the money to buy a house since he needed it for his racing stables. After Wilde's death he became a Catholic and married (a lesbian, apparently); he denied everything. Wilde's final judgment was left to history.

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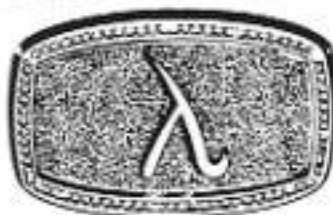
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HOW I BECAME A VAMPIRE,

Anita Bryant

(continued from page 37)

which showed their enormously large teeth.

As soon as we were served, I leaned over to Dopey and told him that he had forgotten to wipe his mouth and teeth, and that the spectacle was really gross. Dopey didn't seem to hear, but in fact smiled all the more and turned his face this way and that. Dopey told me to notice the patrons in the traditional black capes; though there were only two, nonetheless I admit they looked grand, sitting at the food counter with their capes flowing over the backs of the stools. Dopey told me about the men. He said they ran a fashionable salon on Beacon Hill and that, while he wasn't in their clique, I could try to insert myself if I chose. I told Dopey that I was just worried about his mouth. "You look like an animal," I said. Then, with a flick of his tongue, Dopey scraped off the top and bottom edges of his front teeth, hurriedly reaching for a napkin as they spilled out into the open cloth before him. With another napkin he dabbed his mouth, and in a minute he smiled; his teeth, all the fang-like protrusions, had been wiped away, and he looked normal.

I looked in the mirror one morning and discovered that my teeth, heretofore rather small and evenly spaced, seemed somewhat larger. They seemed to be growing, stretching, and my gums, as I opened my mouth and pressed my head to the bathroom mirror, seemed to be fattening. I was proud of this at first. The rapid growth deluded me into thinking that I was becoming healthier, that my branching out on my own and making friends was having a positive effect on my health.

So I played with my teeth. I pressed my tongue against them as Dopey had done with his own. Yet inwardly, I cursed myself! I was tired of explaining to the people in the rooming house that I had burned myself on the neck at the factory where I worked. But to top things off, I began to experience violent muscle spasms in my mouth. It was on a Saturday morning, a day on

which I had planned to go into Boston and do a little shopping. I remember I lay in bed as my lips trembled and my gums pounded with the heat and throb of a hundred headaches.

But the story doesn't end there. I went out for lunch, my gums still pounding, and the ache from Dopey's incision throbbing also, when I experienced a terrible thirst. It started out as an ordinary thirst, for fountain water, say, or for cold orange juice, but as I walked further along in the sun, the thirst increased to an enormity I didn't think anything could quench. My mouth really got dry when one of the boys from the rooming house went by on his bicycle. I waved to him, and I found myself looking after him longingly.

I went to a little restaurant I knew and ordered fried chicken. I wolfed it down, drinking lots of water. For a while, I thought the terrible thirst was being appeased, but after each swallow, it continued to make itself felt, gaseous bulb that it was! And how I hated the sun shining down into the windows of the restaurant as I sat there feeling the pain in my mouth. How I wanted to crunch down hard on the chicken bones so as to break my teeth, already too large for purposes of cosmetic smiling.

As I sat there and watched the boys pass in front of the restaurant window, I kept a steady concentration on their behinds, necks, and arm muscles. The large number of beautiful boys enraged me, yet I didn't know why. Then I had an idea! I realized I would have to rub my fang medal—that might change my attitude! So I took it out of my shirt and rubbed it until a boy my own age entered the restaurant, carrying the *New York Times*. What interested me was that he looked enough like me to be a cousin or a brother, as he had the same voluptuous curly hair and German aviator glasses. I was positively fascinated with him, and continued to stare as I licked the last chicken bone, still not realizing why the power of the medal had enticed him to enter. But yet, as I watched him dip a cracker into his clam chowder, I noticed he scratched his neck a little below his ear, near the *PUNCTURE MARK* area. Not only did he scratch, he seemed to be drawing imaginary lines, invitations, as it were, and I finally decided to *ACT*. I raised my hand and asked the waitress to send him over another bowl of soup. I thought I had it made, but when she came back

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and told him who had ordered it for him, he got up and left as if someone had stuck a horse syringe through the seat of his chair.

The experience taught me that I would have opposition. That things would not be as easy as I thought!

Dopey arrived in his automobile and honked his horn. He was dressed in yellow: how unbecoming, I thought. We barely said a word as we made our way through the streets of Cambridge. When we got to the Crazy Eat restaurant, Dopey said he was going up onto the roof where there was a beautiful view of the city. I let him go and went into the Crazy Eat and ordered a coffee.

I never saw Dopey again that night, though I went up on the roof and waited and called his name. What I didn't know was that Dopey had changed himself into a bat. Now, I didn't find this out until some months later, actually feeling myself shrinking and turning into what they call "Bat Consciousness." But from the Crazy Eat roof-top, Dopey did actually metamorphose and fly out over the roof-tops of many brownstones — especially in the Italian and Irish districts — where he later told me he liked to fly low and zigzag to his utmost as

that made the scariest impression. Seeing Dopey later, I told him that I thought he had stood me up that night, that I was angry — so angry in fact that my gums had started to bleed, and I felt as if I wanted to bite someone. Dopey smiled when I told him this. "What are you waiting for?" he said.

At the Crazy Eat, I would come to see many customers change themselves into bats, especially as they left the place. Metamorphosis was really popular in the foyer of the restaurant, where the people would zoom through Crazy Eat's flimsy screen door and then ascend straight up in the air, leveling off over the bay and returning after long or short flights. I saw the two men from Beacon Hill do a spectacular number as they jumped in the air, swished their capes from behind and became bats in the most graceful leap.

Nevertheless, even after all of this, I was afraid to give somebody the Full Routine. The boys I knew seemed so content with their lives. They went to school, or work, came home and cooked dinner, studied or read, and went to bed. Whereas my life was so completely different. Up to my neck in gum and incision pain all day, and of course scowling in-

wardly at handsome guys as they whisked past on bicycles or left fancy cars for jobs in carpeted office buildings. I couldn't wait to get home and record how I would jump one of them one night.

Then I had the chance to give the Full Routine to two adolescents. I was on my way to the grocery store to buy swiss cheese, when a curly-haired youth whistled to me from a street corner. I took his whistle in stride, and faced him with one of my "Anything you want?" kind of stares. He asked me if I would please go into the liquor store and buy him and his buddy some Bicardi rum. I hesitated and said that I wasn't sure I should, when really I was sure. For some time now I had been watching these purple-cheeked youths, always hanging around with their hands in their pockets and staring into space. I told them that I would buy the rum if they would come back to my room and share it with me. Being minors, and having no safe place to drink it, they could hardly argue.

Back in my room, I sat across from them. We slowly eased our way into a friendly conversation, talking about rock concerts and superstars, when I began to probe them on their knowledge of horror

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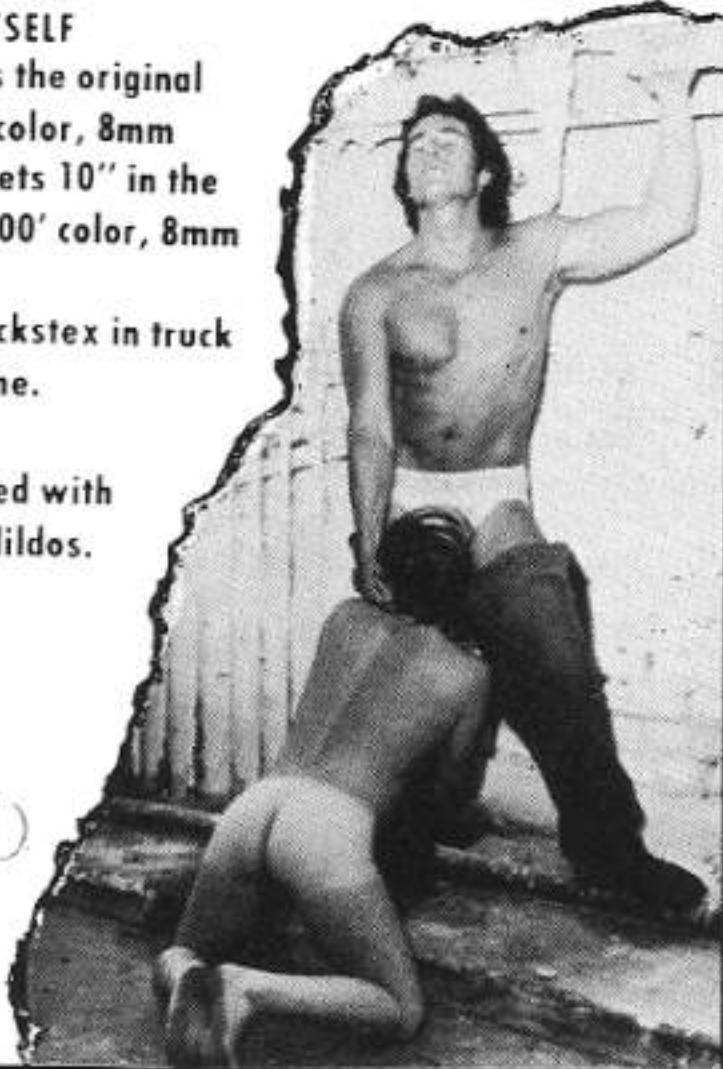
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movies — Dracula and the like. Both of them seemed to be vaguely tuned-in somehow, though obviously inexperienced and strangers to direct propositions. Then I laid it on them; after all, I figured they'd be feeling the rum by now. I said, "Would you like the mark of Dracula?"

One of the boys said "no" immediately; indeed, I could see the steadfastness of his parents in his eyes as he creased his brow and began looking around the room as if hunting for termites. But his friend looked at me with a wide-eyed splendor that he unsuccessfully masked with a disinterested "no" also — peer group pressure! I then said to the boys, "Did I shock you?" which they assured me that I hadn't. As they walked away from me finally, huddled together like consulting executives, I felt my gums pulsate for a taste of their rich Massachusetts blood.

About a week later I was in bed suffering from another gum attack, when I heard a knock at my door. I opened up, wondering who it could be, as nobody in the rooming house ever knocked so timidly without owning up in words the reason for the intrusion. I was shocked to see the more amiable boy of the

rum episode standing before me in an open leather jacket. Right away, he said could I buy him a sixpack, and I muttered "Sure," my face reddening as my gums pounded extra hard. I invited him inside, told him to sit on my bed, and then fidgeted around my bureau telling myself it was too good to be true. Sitting down beside him was no problem, but as I wanted to savor the event. I was slow in saying "Hold still" and putting my mouth to that spot just below his ear, cutting with my teeth the two puncture marks and the sucking up enormous amounts of his blood.

I must say, the boy took it bravely; he even helped, using his fingers to apply pressure to the area so that the blood would flow more quickly. Afterward, when I had had my fill, I gave him cotton swabs and an adhesive, and a mimeographed sheet of instructions I made up on how best to deal with bodily changes that would soon occur. When the boy left, I spit my teeth into a handkerchief, and threw the bundle into the wastecan.

Was I happy with my life? Yes and no. I do know that I began to take to the streets, at first dressed in black garb and then, as I became

used to the operation, forgetting the black for less dramatic clothing. Before long I bypassed social etiquette, those elaborate scheme-making reasons as to why you want to invite a boy back to your room. Instead, I would blurt right out, in the streets, on busses, near all-night drug stores, "Do you want the mark of Dracula?"

When I would come home after an all-night excursion, I would fall into bed feeling so exhausted. Usually I would sleep until mid-afternoon, and dream of new necks. Tender baby necks with frills. Old necks that hung way down like a turkey's.

But I was begining to be noticed as I walked the streets. People would shout at me as I passed. "You marked my son, pisser!" "Come near here and I'll shoot!" Once a crowd of teenage toughs told me to stay out of their part of town; since it was the *whole* town, I got pretty scared. The uptight boy who looked around my room as if he were searching for termites must have told his friends, because in the middle of the night sometimes I would hear chanting under my window. "Out, out, out!" or "Mark me, mark me, mark me!" It got pretty hairy, especially when groups of

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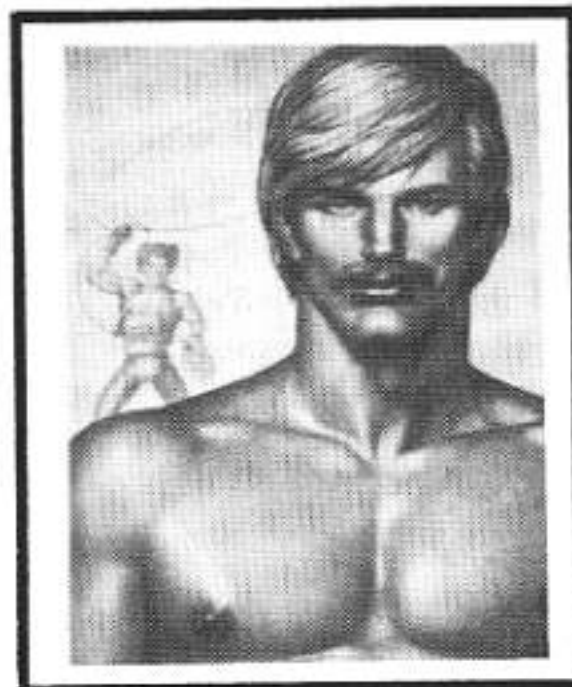
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them made their way into the rooming house and knocked on the door.

Sometimes the knocks were hard, like in that Anne Frank movie. I'd answer, but just stick my neck out the door. I'd see all kinds of faces: some with bulbous noses and pimples, some that looked like James Dean's. "What do you want?" I'd ask, knowing darn well. Johnny Walker Black Label, Ballantine ale, Gilbey's gin, Cutty Sark — "Are you really a vampire?" I'd invite a couple of them inside, never more than two. "The rest of you go outside and wait for us. Don't make any noise because the other tenants are really sensitive to noise!" Do you think they listened? Pushing each other against the walls, a few of them one time almost tumbled down the corridor stairs while making catcalls and debating amongst themselves the chances they thought their friends had of getting punctured. At times this was very embarrassing, but I kept the faith, because there were the lucky days when one of them would lean his neck towards me and say, "Everything is cool, man. Do it!"

Luckily for me, this was the time I was due to change into a bat, since the episode at the Crazy Eat restaurant, I laid in bed in the mornings and spread out my arms and closed my eyes, telling myself I was developing wings. When this failed to materialize, however, I thought my growth was being thwarted and I became severely depressed, despite my occasional good fortune with the neighborhood youth. Then I decided to go into Boston to see Mr. Bell and to obtain the kind of counseling I needed. Taking the subway, I got off at the river and scurried along its banks, heading towards Mr. Bell's bridge. On the way, a couple of men with fangs showing gave me a look, but I quickly showed them my long teeth and they got the message and looked away. At Mr. Bell's bridge, I crouched down and gazed into the black water. There was a jagged half-moon, and a musty smell all over. The mosquitos were thick, and the wait was just horrible.

Crouching below the bridge, all tensed up, I heard two people pass over-top me. They seemed to be whispering and I felt that they had seen me but for some reason had decided against letting me know they had. When they passed over, I moved out closer to the water and let my mind wander. Instantly I thought of bats, the mental pictures coming to me quite naturally, but with a force that made me lose what

we ordinarily refer to as "human consciousness" — that internal monologue, so prevalent in my head, faded, and in a minute I had no thoughts whatsoever. I could only see the river and the grassy bank. And as I seemed to be shrinking in size, finally contained in a smaller embodiment altogether, things closer to the ground fascinated me. I noticed a cricket hanging onto a blade of grass, and could feel its fast little breath.

"Bat consciousness" knows only one thing: the sublimation of all else into the Grand Desire. Before I knew it, I was a hundred feet above the river, swirling and diving as a seagull for fish. I caroused over the park, going higher and higher, and then taking a nose dive just to experience the speed of it! It was a hundred roller coaster rides meshed into one, and the object of the dive was the couple that passed over the bridge a little while back. The landing was rough and direct. First, claws on the shoulders of the handsome Casanova who only a second ago had his arm around the young woman. My bite tore through; it was so aggressive, a real rape. I could hear a screaming; yet it sounded to me as if it had been muffled, as if coming from under a paper cup, say. I remember swallowing and then taking to the air again, whirling upwards towards this jagged half moon that I knew I wanted to reach and plunder.

I have come a long way since those hectic days on Charles River Park. I have acquired an opera cape and have my own social clique and and circle of devotees, plus a hang-out comparable to the Crazy Eat restaurant, where I metamorphosize as I leave, impressing all the novices. A streak of benevolence prompted me to give the Eastern European medal to a curly-haired youth in aviator glasses whom I thought looked in need of an Aid. I was downtown one night, just having had a huge crepe suzette dinner, when I passed a most depressed-looking boy with cotton swabs falling out of loosening adhesive tape on his neck. I stopped and said to him: "Is there anything I can do?" How I knew he wanted to confess! "Dreary life?" I probed. He looked at me as if I had plucked the secret thing from his soul and then went and tied it publicly to a gas balloon and set it loose over a thousand reviewing stands.

But he accepted the medal.

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Symbols

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Try it . . . love me

Let me make it . . . make you.

They read like a book,
wordless

They say it all, silently
exciting

I'm top you're bottom; you're
in me while I'm in you.

Sorry, won't do that

I like it this way

I like you

Turn . . . look . . .

wait . . . smile . . .

Wait . . . pose . . . walk . . .

Are his on the left side

Or what's that gold at
his neck?

Military boots . . . army
surplus means man

Minds reaching out to each
other

Stroking, rejecting

Searching

Finding

Meaning surfaces . . . I dig you

Let's try it, let's do it

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Kepler's Comments

Many gays despair of the gay movement after suffering one or two tempestuous meetings which a few seeming lunatics grind down with demands the majority can neither accept nor understand.

Unreasonable as they seem, these far-outers have often thought deeply into the problems confronting us, but they utterly lack the patience to wait for others to catch up with them, or the charisma to inspire others to follow them. They insist we buy their agenda, fully and immediately. Their agenda too often totally contradicts the goals envisioned by most other gays.

In certain Indian tribes, a few men used to become "contraries" — permanent Nay-sayers who mocked the tribe by doing everything backwards, denying whatever their fellows affirmed. Though the contraries were constant nuisances, the tribe seemed almost to need them, even selecting certain youths for the role.

As a group, gays resemble modern contraries, reminding a smug heteromonogamous society that another way is possible, that there are alternate answers to questions most people don't even ask. The fact that we differ precisely in things which our fellows take thoroughly for granted opens the door for a few of us to question other basics as well.

But if gays generally are a contrary group, we also have contraries among us, noisy nuisances like revolutionaries who continue to be "againters" after the revolution has been won. They angrily oppose whatever most gays seem to favor. While gays generally develop the collective chutzpah to affirm what so recently was almost universally regarded as unspeakable behavior, strident voices among us attack every move we make.

Driven by a mixture of Oppression Sickness and by their own singular world-view, our contraries can be as mad as Tiresias or Cassandra of ancient Greek tradition. Some want us to be more conformist, others demand adherence to their privately evolved radical agendas. They all make venomous personal attacks on those who work the hardest and most effectively for gay liberation. But like Tiresias and Cassandra, their madness sometimes has a divine spark — they see things other gays do not yet see.

I am tempted merely to complain of their intransigence, their shrieking tantrums, their frequent destructiveness. But just as Indians tolerated their difficult contraries, finding social value in being reminded that "the right way to do things isn't always the best or only way," so we need our contraries, unhousebroken though they may be.

As our movement rushes to find solutions before we've adequately examined our own gay nature and needs, these strident voices remind us that short-term political strategies often produce disadvantages. The view that "everything will be all right if we just get one more bill through the legislature, or elect one more friendly legislator" needs some challenge, even while we work for those limited gains.

Cassandras may be unpleasant company, but if our troublesome contraries can sharpen our wits, can make us really examine our gayness and our overall relation to society, they may be worth the agony they cause us and themselves.

Which doesn't mean that all gays will see their hidden potential and will forever tolerate their destructive tantrums...

THE EMERALD CITY

(continued from page 33)

leading cabarets and discos, presenting such personalities as Wayland Flowers and Madame, Formerly the Harlettes and other headliners on New York's growing cabaret circuit, which is largely supported by gays. Reports from the gay scene in Miami, Fire Island and Atlantic City have given the program a cosmopolitan approach.

All three agree that they must remain free from any formal entanglements with any of the gay organizations to maintain an objectivity in their approach to program format. All groups are given an equal opportunity to air their views to the gay community at large. This on-the-air forum approach is unique in the television industry. Always when one sees a gay activist or movement-oriented person on a "straight" interview, the questions seem to, without fail, degenerate into a discussion of what it is like to be gay. On The Emerald City, everyone is gay, and that is an unstated springboard from which a genuine discussion of ideas can take off.

All in all, about twenty-five people work on the show on a full-time basis. Gene, Frank, and Steve are the core, but they are actively seeking the participation of women in the show. This has become manifest in the addition as regular member of the staff of Mary Ann Calega, a perky young woman who will be a permanent member of the staff as they swing into production for the fall season. Input for the show is sought from any responsible group or individual seeking to reach the gay community. Inquiries should be sent to The Emerald City, P.O. Box 400, Village Station New York, NY 10014. Phone (212) 442-3359.

When asked what Steve and Frank did in their free time, the response was: "What free time?" Getting together a weekly TV magazine that might involve as many as a dozen segments, with interviews, on-location shootings and the complex process of editing and packaging the show takes up the majority of any time that might be considered "free." When the dynamic duo retire to their apartment on Staten Island, overlooking Manhattan, they can gaze out their windows at their personal Emerald City, which with a flick of the TV knob they are bringing into the homes of gay New Yorkers. It's a long way from Kansas, Dorothy; and it's a long journey ahead.

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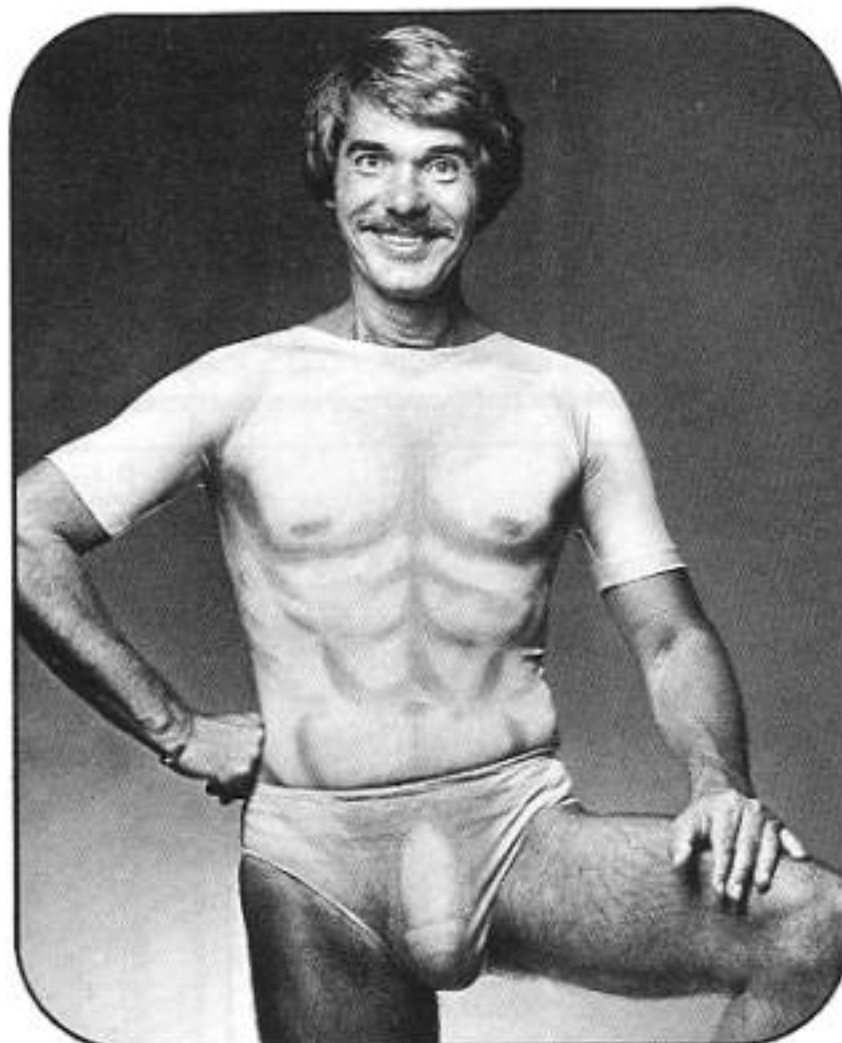
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WORLD REPORTS

(continued from page 27)

Dark but they were never sent because the police raided his home; and he had to leave. He's been in France now for two years. He's preparing more exhibitions — particularly for the Cafe-Theatre, "Au Bec Fin," and for the magazine, "Arcadie." "IN" magazine will present some of his work in their September or October issue. He's also preparing a book of male nudes.

— Peter Adams

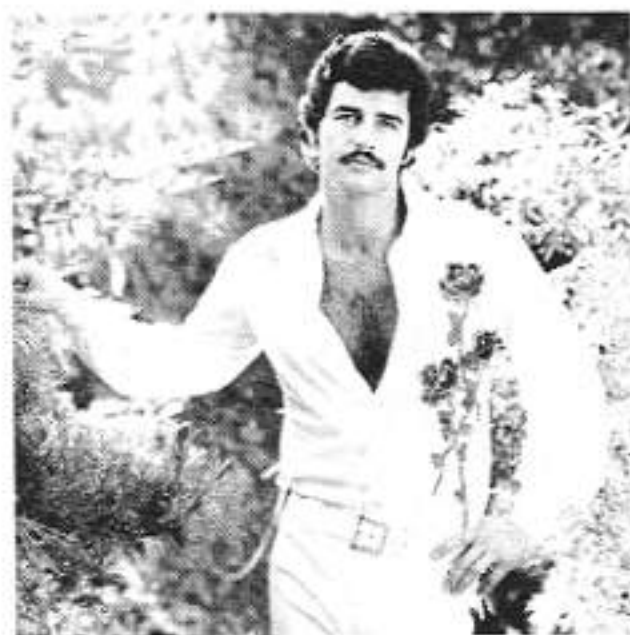
LONDON

The well-made play is having a great revival in London, with William Douglas Home's *The Kingfisher* (Lyric) elegantly played by Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson and Alan Webb; Somerset Maugham's *The Circle* (Haymarket) in a highly polished production now entering its second year; Shaw's *Candida* (Albery) with Deborah Kerr; and two notable productions of plays by Terrence Rattigan. *Separate Tables* (Apollo) is vintage Rattigan, superbly played by a distinguished cast headed by John Mills and Jill Bennett. *Cause Celebre* (Her Majesty's) is Sir Terrence's latest play, and some of the London critics think it may be his finest.

Based upon a famous murder trial in the mid-1930's, *Cause Celebre* is another subtle delineation of character and a carefully charted study of prejudice, hypocrisy and sexuality. Glynis Johns, in one of the finest performances of her career, plays Alma Rattenbury, on trial for her life, along with her teen-aged lover, for the murder of her elderly husband. Sir Terrence has created a wonderful acting role in and Glynis Johns grabs it with both hands. It is a performance of the highest order, which brings that still center of gripped and tense silence to even the most restless of audiences. Not to be missed.

London — hardly noted for exciting nightlife seems to be picking up a wee bit. *The Festival Club*, long, long established, seems to be having a bit of a renaissance. Situated in a narrow alleyway off St. Martin's Lane (2 Brydges Place, London WC2N 4HP; tel: 836-1436) The Festival is an intimate drinking club with a super license; ideal for pre- or post-theater drinks, with a friendly atmosphere. Though a club, tourists and visitors are always made

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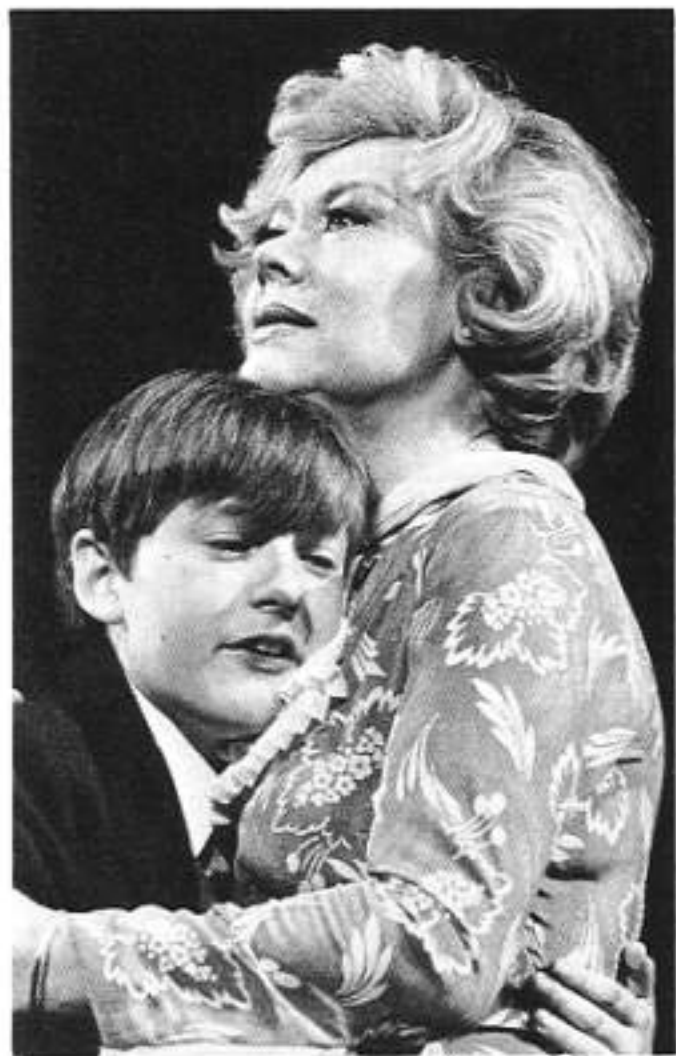


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designs by Felty

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welcome. When Rod's closed down it was sadly missed, but it has now been reincarnated under the name **Country Cousin** (533 Kings Road, London SW10; bookings: 352-7161 Tues.-Sun. 8 p.m.-12:30 a.m. Sun. lunch 1-3 p.m.).

Country Cousin is located in an old warehouse, so it is extremely spacious; it is also air-conditioned. Basically a restaurant, Country Cousin has a large bar, with sofas and comfortable chairs dotted around. Cabaret is week round, but not at Sunday lunch. The atmosphere is highly convivial and the waiters are divine. Country Cousin seems to have taken over from AD8 as the gay Sunday lunch spot, so it's necessary to book. But a word of warning — don't go looking for good food. It ranges from between passable and disgusting. The food is only a pretence for some lively socialising.



Glynis Johns and Mathew Ryan, in *Cause Celebre*.

Food-freaks might like **September** (457 Fulham Road, London SW10, tel: 352-0206), a friendly restaurant stuffed with enough potted plants to make even the Brazilian rain forest jealous. The food is imaginative and best described as vegetarian with meat. The avocado salad is excellent, tenderloin pork cooked with fruit is good, and the cabbage leaves stuffed with ground beef is tasty. Meals are reasonably priced — two can eat for around \$22, with house wine. One of the advantages of September is that the kitchen is still working until quite late in the evening — at least until eleven. That, in early-closing London, is a real bonus.

—Peter Burton

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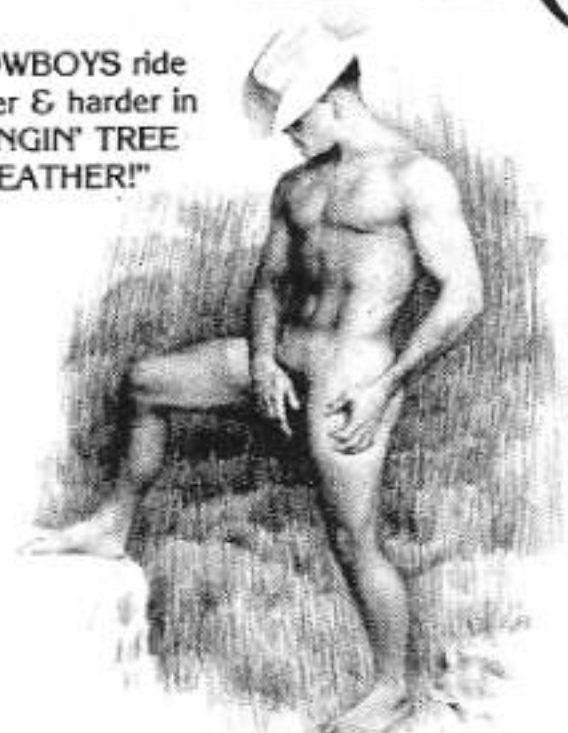
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THE MODEST MR. HOLMES (continued from page 23)

JH: I don't have time to be alone. The last vacation I had was 11 years ago. I work every day. I've got five paperbacks in print. When I'm not working on a trick, a film, production, soundtrack, stunts, then I write.

IT: What kind of books are they? Not sex books?

JH: They have absolutely nothing to do with sex. I'd love to be able to tell you what some of the names are, but they're under a pen name. They're for an age group of 14 to 24, and I'm quite sure that even though there is absolutely nothing—nothing—about sex, if a parent in Macon, Georgia, or Philadelphia, or Louisville knew that her son had a book written by a porno actor, she wouldn't want him to buy it.

IT: What about your other interests?

JH: I do stunts for the major studios. I do scuba diving, sky diving, underwater and dry land direction. I do cross-country motorcycle, stock car crashes...

IT: Are you a member of the stunt association?

JH: Oh, gawd, yes! So when I'm

not doing stunts, or scuba diving, or sky diving, or writing, or tricking, or doing post-production or re-writing—I've sold over 100 scripts; pornographic scripts for 35mm—I go fishing or hunting. But I hunt with a camera instead of a gun.

IT: But what do you need all this money for?

JH: The reason I need money is basically the same reason that people need toilet paper—so your life is just a little bit less of a shitty existence. Money's a luxury.

IT: What are your essentials? A nice home, a nice car...

JH: Basically.

IT: Dope?

JH: Dope? Oh, no—no dope. And I don't drink alcohol. Any form of narcotic...I don't even take aspirin.

IT: Never any problem with a hard-on?

JH: Never. I cum on cue. My record is 9 cum shots in 8 hours—nine different women.

IT: What if you are not turned on by a woman?

JH: There's a switch connected to my left ankle.

IT: For the benefit of our many

readers, just how big is your cock?

JH: 13 1/2 inches.

IT: And you know for sure that's the size.

JH: Oh, it's been measured in numerous films.

IT: Film speaks for itself.

JH: Yes.

IT: Gays are fascinated with you—obviously with the size of your cock. But how do you account for your popularity among straight men?

JH: I don't know what it is with straights. It gets really deep into the psychological. A lot of straight guys love my films. They collect them. They show them to their wives, their girlfriends. I don't know what it is—whether it's a closet bisexual situation or because the size fascinates them, or if they just like seeing a girl fucked the way they can't. This is total non-ego for me, because after doing this for 11 years in front of a camera, in front of audiences, doing personal appearances, you can't have an ego. I'm just a functioning, working machine which totally enjoys what it is doing. When I'm working, I'm working, and when I stop, I've enjoyed myself.

IT: What happens when you stop?

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You want to keep that very private?
JH: Uh, yeah, 'cause I have a very private life. Very secluded. I live with somebody who's very private.
IT: You have a roommate?
JH: No, she keeps me.
IT: You're being kept.
JH: Yes. She's an actress. Very famous and very wealthy. I've been living with her for seven years.
IT: That's a pretty good arrangement.
JH: Uh, financially... Well, she's never in town. She's always doing shows in Vegas, Reno, New York. And I'm always out of town working.
IT: So you live in Beverly Hills or Bel-Aire.
JH: Trousdale.
IT: Nice
JH: It suffices.
IT: What turns you on, sexually?
JH: If a girl has a particularly beautiful mouth, I like oral sex. If she has a beautiful ass, I do it dog style. I have a lot of chicks who get into butt fucking... oh, gawd, you are a gay magazine — you've got to talk about butt fucking! Out of the 11,000 women I've made love to, there are maybe 800 who love butt

fucking — 600 who can cum, actually cum, and have a better climax with their ass than with their vagina.
IT: Is it true that you had your cock insured with Lloyds of London?
JH: It was insured for a film. Just for a year. That was just for the publicity. The insurance didn't cover anything but in case I couldn't get an erection. So I imagine Lloyds of London sweated out every cum shot for a year.
IT: Do you consider yourself open-minded?
JH: To me, every aspect of sex is acceptable as long as the person who is doing it is not hurting anyone. Gay, heterosexual, bisexual, anything you want to do is completely acceptable as long as you're not hurting anyone mentally or physically. Think about it. You don't fuck with children. If they're too young, you'll fuck up a kid's mind. You don't fuck with children, and you don't hurt anybody physically when you are making love to them, or hurt them mentally by lies or deceit. So you can do anything sexually. Just don't hurt anyone. That's love. And that's okay.

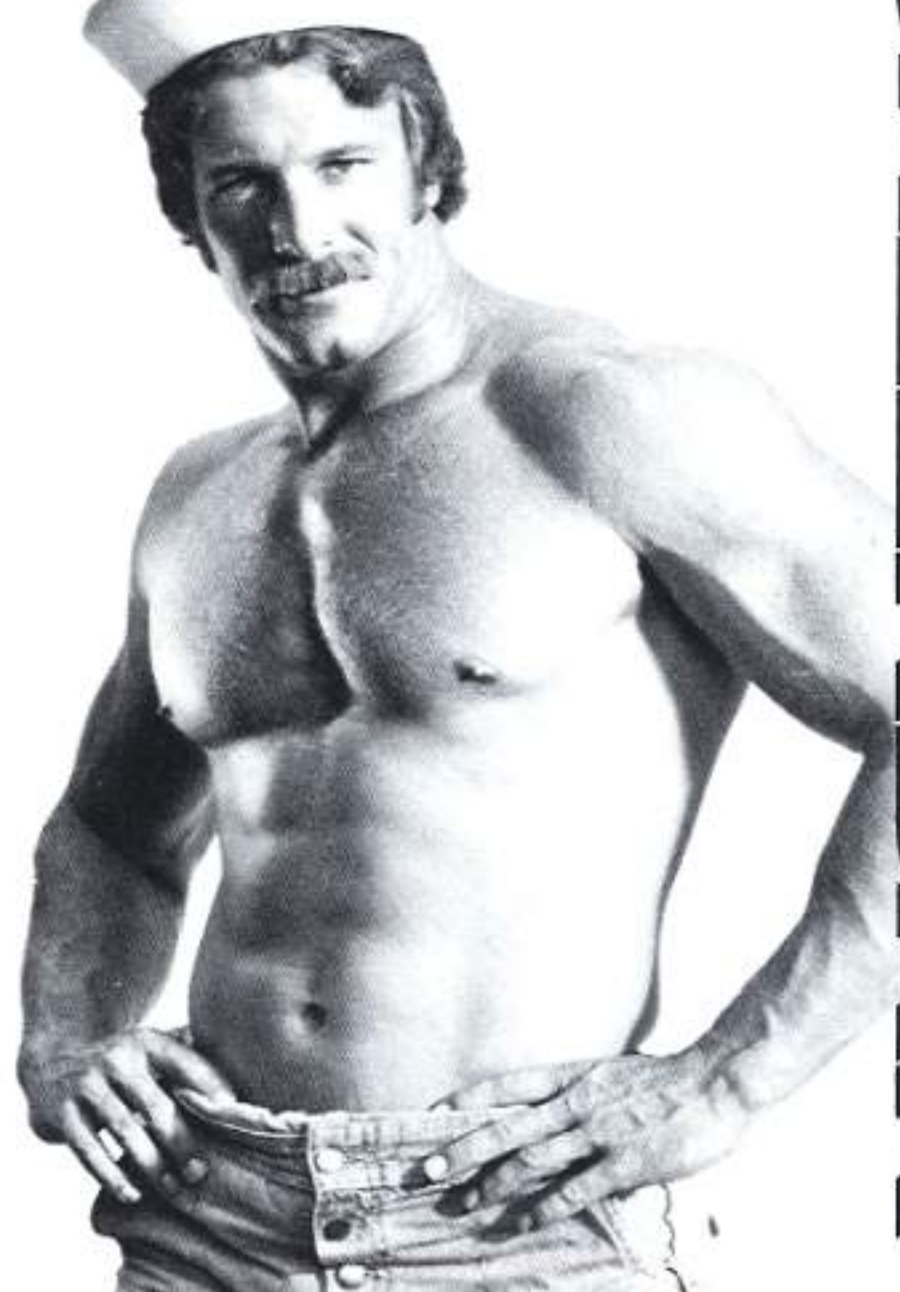
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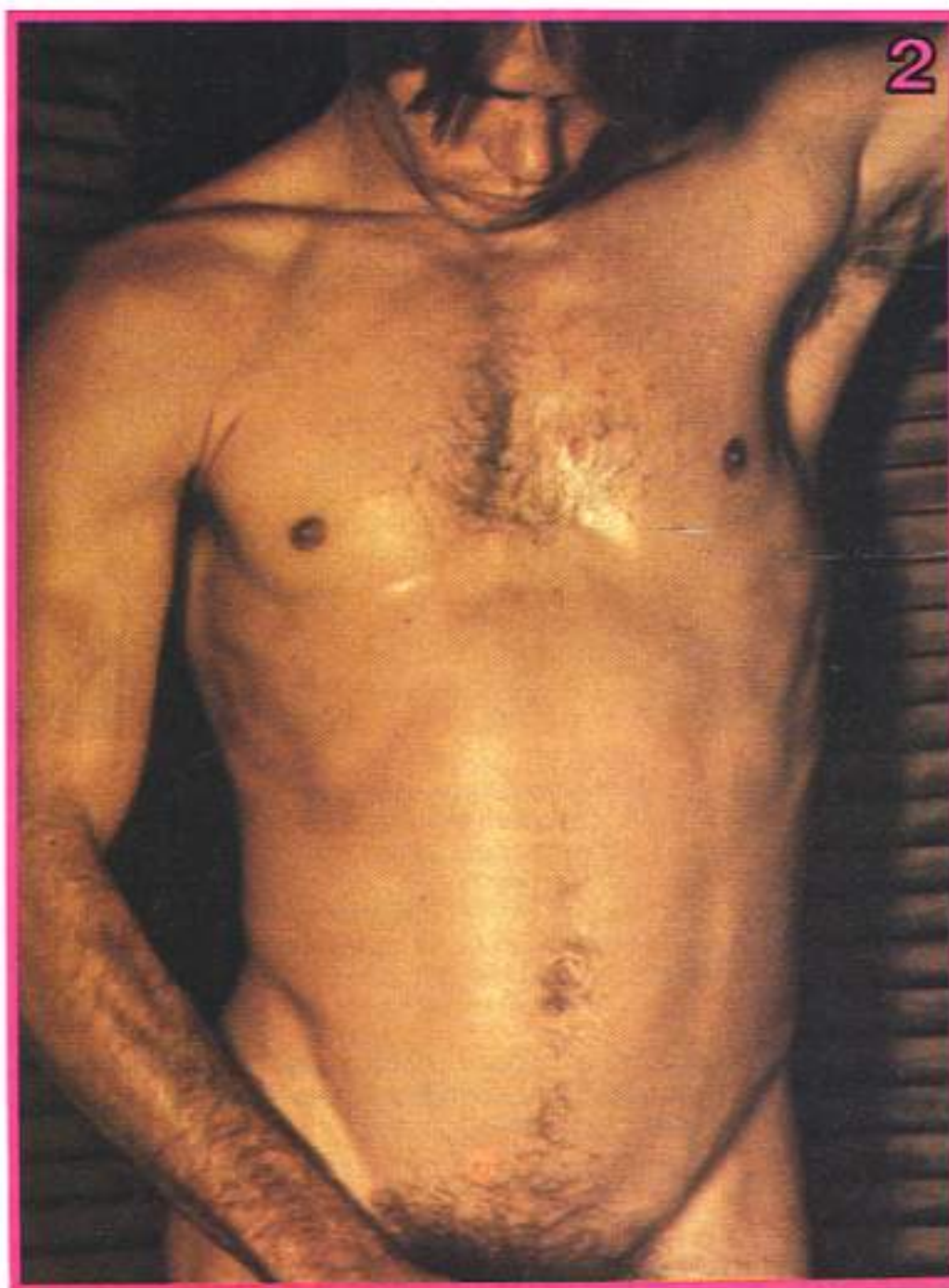
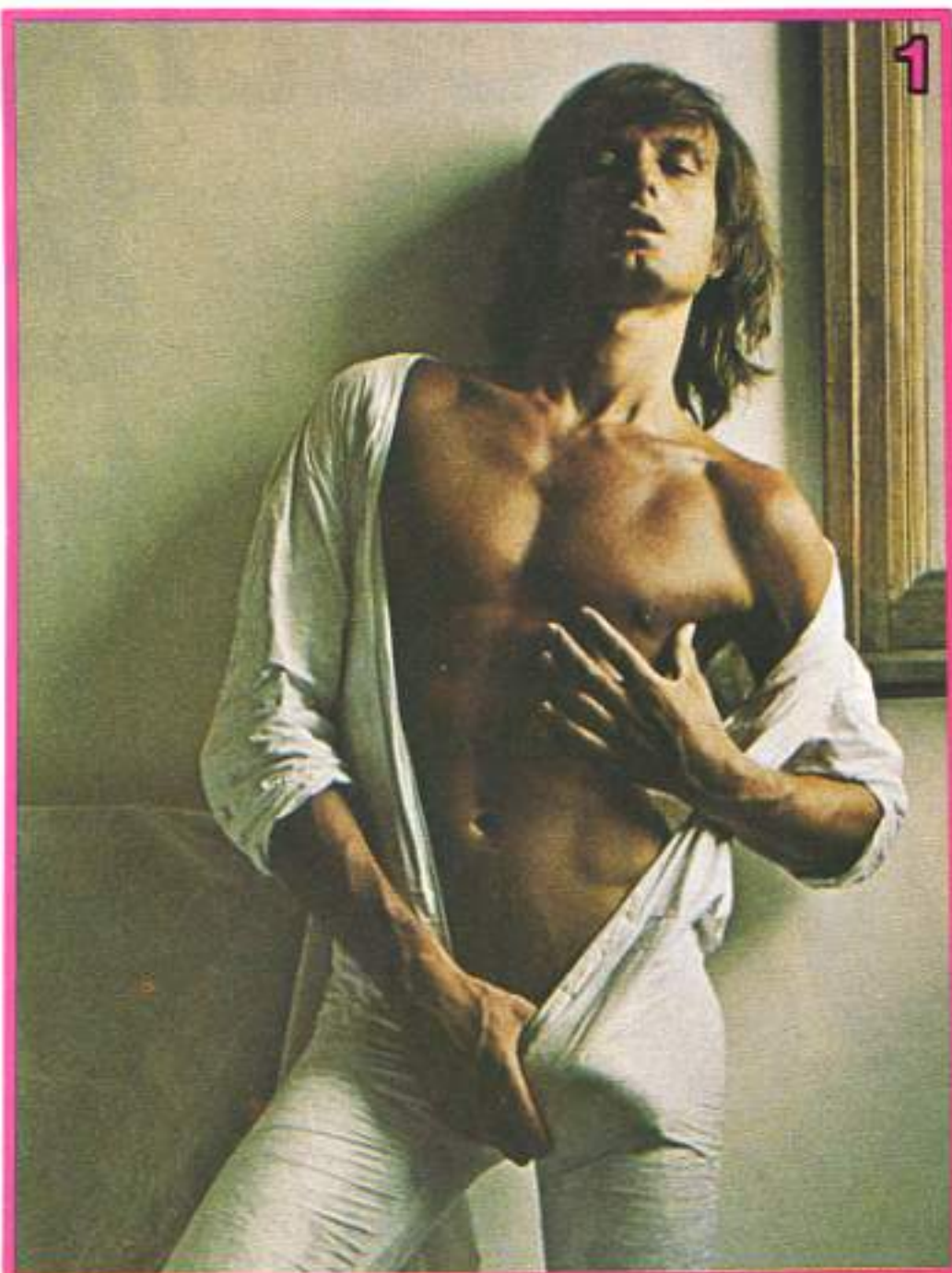


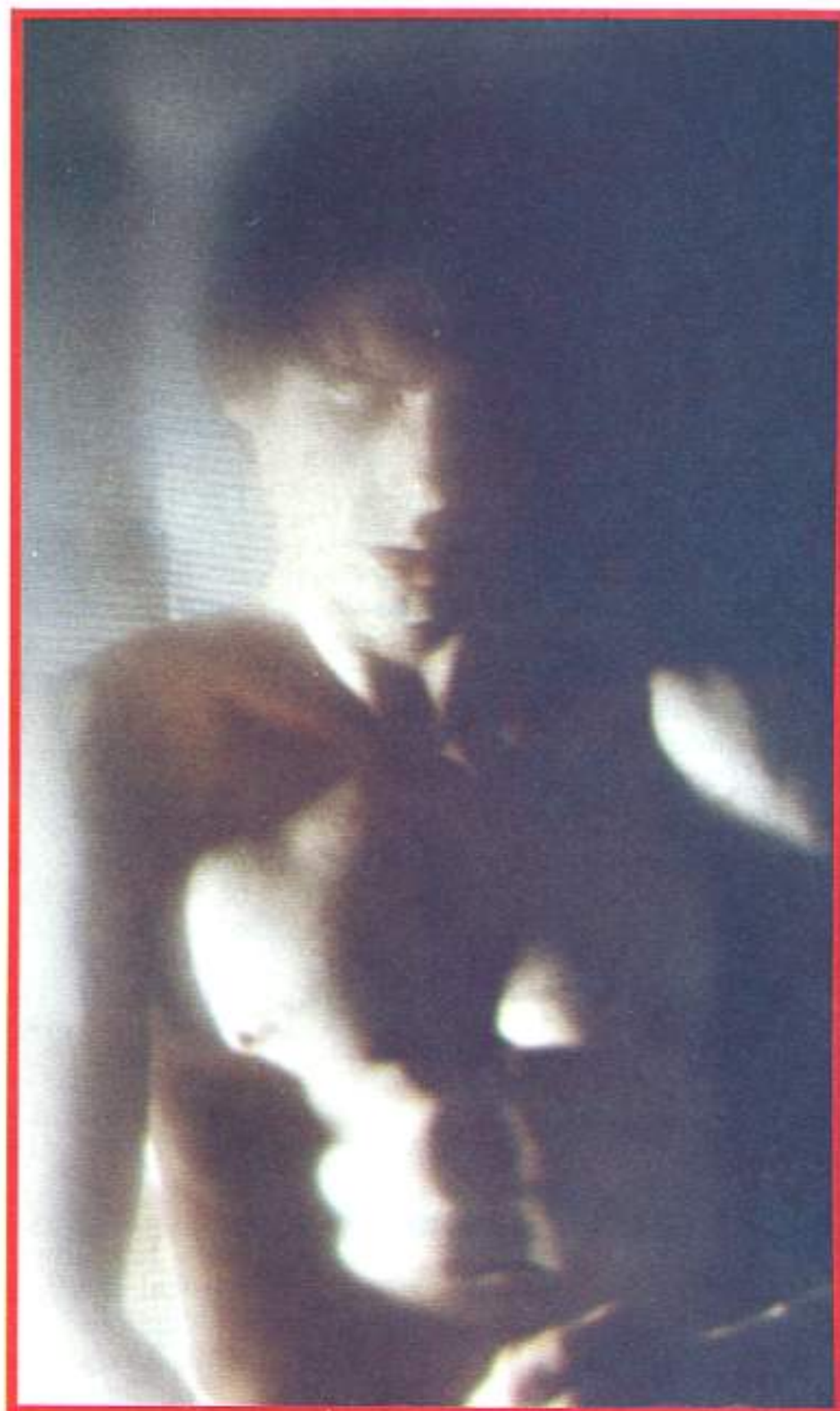
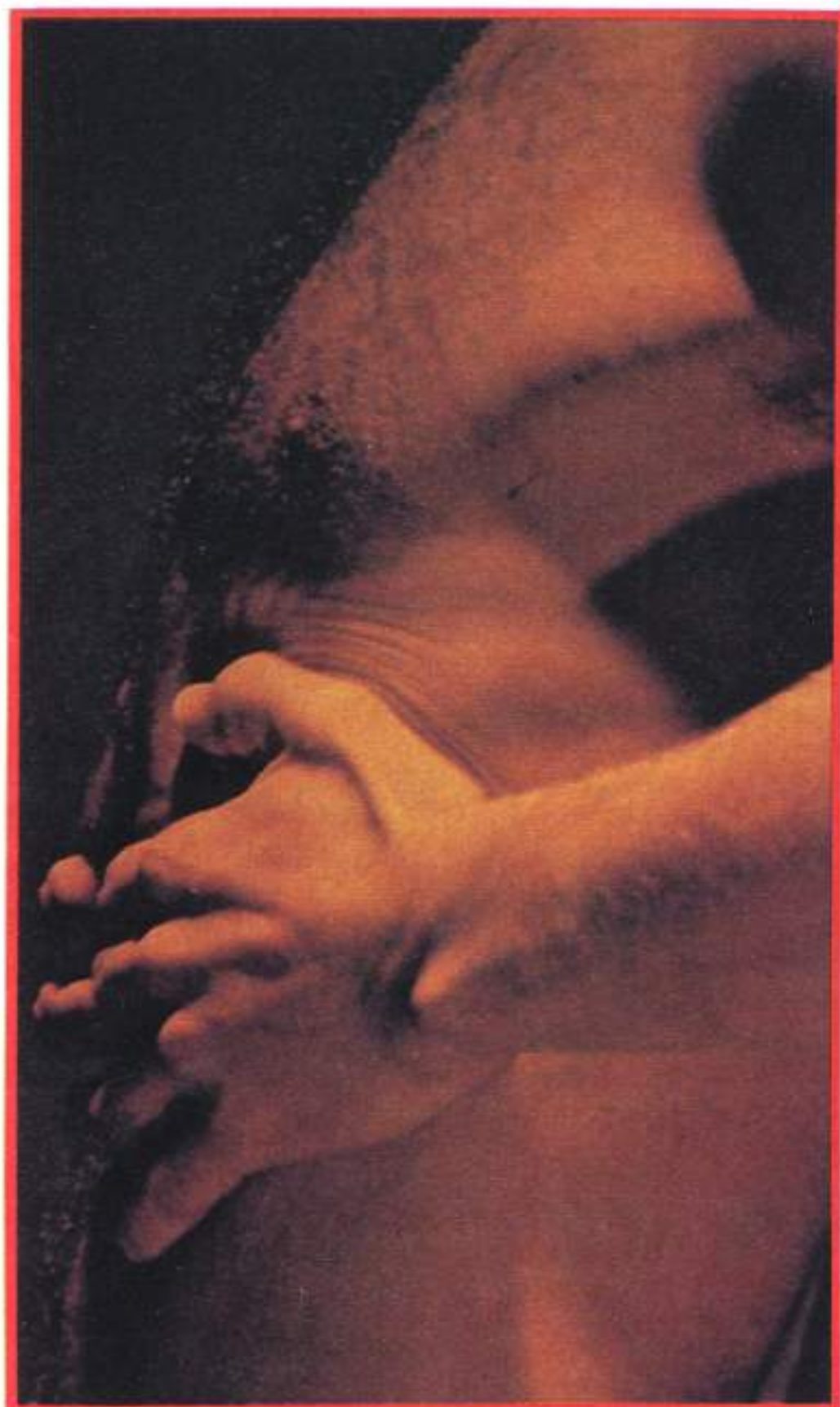
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(continued from page 13)

MIAMI

The past few months in Miami have seen the opening of several new restaurants. One of the most exciting is **La Cantina** (240 Sunny Isles Blvd., Miami Beach). It's Italian with real live Italian waiters. The waiters are dark, Latin and very good-looking. They certainly add to the enjoyment of a meal. The menu runs from ordinary Italian cooking to some excellent specialties such as Veal Scaloppine Alla Marsala, cooked in Marsala wine, with mushrooms, to Braciola Alla Cantina, rolled beef steak with Mozzarella, Prosciutto in a delicious tomato sauce. The price range is in the moderate scale, with the average meal costing \$8.00 and including



mixed salad, broccoli saute or side of spaghetti. The family house wine runs half-liter \$3.00 or a full liter, \$5.50. There are complete dinners for \$4.95 from soup to beverage. The waiters cannot do enough for you to make your meal enjoyable. They are very cooperative.

Food Among the Flowers, 21 NE 36th St., Miami, is the "in" place for interior decorators, their customers, theatre people and newspaper people. David Harrison's artistry with flowers surrounds you while you're eating gourmet food. Food Among the Flowers is located next to Miami's famous Decorator's Row, an area of the city where all of the top decorators have their shops. It's

expensive, but well worth it, both for atmosphere and for food.

The Newport Hotel (16701 Collins Ave., Miami Beach) recently opened **The Living Room**. It's under the supervision of Henley, a gentleman with European charm, who turns out to be from Texas. He is only too happy to prepare crepes suzette for 2, right in front of you, while you recline with your favorite friend on a sofa. Also featured are Flamingo Cafe, Cherries Jubilee and all types of exotic drinks. You can meet a lot of interesting people in The Living Room. Prices are very reasonable with Cherries Jubilee for 2 only \$4.75. There's live entertainment and dancing, no cover charge.

Uncle Charlie's Downtown has opened in Miami, a branch of Uncle Charlie's from New York City. It is the new "in" spot in Miami. The disco is packed every night. Located in downtown Miami on the corner of NE 2 St. and 2 Ave., it has become the place for Miami men to go. It used to be 2x2, but has been redecorated. The prices are reasonable and you can be assured of a good time.

The Miami Beach Theatre of the Performing Arts opens the 1977-78 winter season with Debbie Reynolds in *Annie Get Your Gun* Nov. 1, followed by the razzmatazz musical *Chicago* Nov. 15. Other productions planned by Zev Bufman, producer, include *The Wiz* and Carol Channing in *Hello Dolly*. Sammy Davis may star in a new version of *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off* directed by Anthony Newley. It is also hoped that the biggest comedy of the Broadway season, *Sly Fox*, will be available for presentation.

The four-week summer season at the Theatre of Performing Arts features Roberta Peters in *The Merry Widow* and Lauren Bacall in *Wonderful Town*, also Ginger Rogers in *The Ginger Rogers Show* and Shirley Jones in *The Sound of Music*. What ever happened to male stars?

Jason Stone Productions presented "Beautiful People Concert" starring Kaye Stevens in July at the Sunrise Musical Theatre in Fort Lauderdale. It was a concert to honor senior citizens and the young people of today who will be the senior citizens of tomorrow. Appearing on the program with Miss Stevens was Liz Torres of "All In The Family" and Barry Williams of "The Brady Bunch." Williams is certainly good-looking and talented. He had the audience eating out of the palm of his hand. Mabel King of "What's Happening?" danced and

sang her way across the stage to a standing ovation. Julie Amada, the fantastic concert pianist, performed, as well as Tina Andres Eure of "Day's of Our Lives" and the French bombshell of several seasons ago, Fifi D'Orsay.

The concert was taped for television and will be seen sometime in late 1977 on national television. It's a good concept and should be a popular program.

Speaking of the Sunrise Musical Theatre, producer Ben Segal is presenting Wayne Newton Oct. 17-23, Johnny Carson Oct. 28-30, and Jackson Five and George Kirby Nov. 21-26, 1977. The superstars all play in the Sunrise Musical Theatre. Tickets average about \$12.00 for most shows.

— John Saunders

TORONTO

First of all, a word or two about an organization this writer feels deserves your support: the **Canadian Gay Archives**. It's quietly been in existence since 1973 but, I think, it's time we made it sing out loud and clear. We must gather and preserve our history, and to date a small group of beautiful and dedicated people have been doing this on our behalf without widespread support. You should care. So, bundle up your donations — books, mags, periodicals, newspaper articles, anything and everything, including money if you can spare a few bucks — and send them to Canadian Gay Archives, Box 639, Station A, Toronto Ontario, M5W 1G2, or telephone (416) 863-6320. Watching it grow is a great feeling.

Well, summertime Toronto didn't suffer a dearth of great music performed by some of the humpiest of musicians. Andy Gibb stopped by for a concert. K.C. and his Sunshine Band shattered all records for attendance (and frenzy) at Ontario Place Forum. Turned-away-at-the-gate fans even swam to the island complex and stormed the stage forcing K.C. to take cover and short the set. Wild! Frampton was here and we all knew it. Kiss toured to push their Love Gun with a hydraulic stage set to lift them out over the audience and ten stacks of live Marshall speakers. Still can't hear properly.

Stratford Festival opened two more productions; *Much Ado About Nothing* (approx. that) and a superb *As You Like It*. Maggie Smith, Domini Blythe, Jack Wetherall and Brian Bedford, directed by Stratford's dynamic artistic-director-gen-

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ius Robin Phillips, wowed us all to the second opening night standing ovation of the season. Unheard-of for Stratford's esoteric audience.

Canadian Opera Company gave us a *Don Carlos* with Troyanos and Plishka as well as a *Magic Flute*, *Daughter of the Regiment* and *Wozzeck*. Lily Tomlin gave us a week of delight *Appearing Nitely*.

And, best of all, not once during the long and hot summer did I spot an American tourist car with skis on the roof. Maybe you're getting into us!

—Brian Crown

BOSTON

The latter half of the summer is the only really slow time Boston knows, when many gay men take their treasured vacations to Fire Island, in the Caribbean, in Europe, and, most frequently perhaps, in San Francisco. But nearly everyone manages to get to Provincetown a few times during the summer, where it seems that everything that was not going on in the whole of Boston has been crowded into a few blocks of quaint buildings and a stretch of hard beach. Something about Provincetown works particularly for men from Boston: there are so many people one knows by sight, if not by name or predilection, that it seems like home; yet the surroundings are sufficiently altered that one may be friendly or aggressive to an extent that Boston, reserved and chilly, does not allow. In Provincetown, the sidewalks are as crowded as a popular bar on a Sunday afternoon, and men who arrive with their pockets stuffed with traveller's checks are indistinguishable from those who came with their monthly ration of food stamps.

But even those who remain in Boston see the charm in this lazy, hottest part of the summer, when the bars are populated by luscious strangers and transients. And the greatest pleasure is, of course, to snap up that man who got away from you three years ago and moved to California — and now is back for a brief visit with his ex-lover. Back Bay is its most charming now, with trees heavy laden with moisture and heat, and crossing above the streets; and the river is always crowded with men, all day long in the sun, and then again very, very late at night.

We are eased through this uneventful time by such sterling entertainments as *Nightclub Cantata*, an excellent pastiche of original song and poetry constantly being held

over at the Boston Repertory Theatre. And, at the vital Boston Center for the Arts, a special multi-media presentation throughout August chronicled *New England in the Movies* with displays on such New England luminaries as Bette Davis, Ruth Roman, Walter Brennan, Katherine Hepburn, Jack Lemmon, and Van Johnson. Carmen Apleby performed to perfection the dance routines that made Eleanor Parker famous, and there were screenings each week of the silent films of the great, unjustly neglected Mabel Normand.

But above all, this is the time when Boston is most for the Bostonians. The college students who are little more than background and ballast so far as the permanent residents of the place are concerned, have all gone home, and left the city relatively uncrowded and peaceful. But by Labor Day, we are all aching for the autumn, and the excitement and lustfulness that it invariably excites this part of the country.

—Joseph Caine

WASHINGTON

Washington has sweltered through most of the summer with nothing lower than 90 degree heat. Hot, hot, hot and humid with unbreathable air — but don't let the weather keep you away, because Washington is still a great place to be, especially if you're gay.

Saturday night trying to find a small space in any gay bar to cool off is a chore (but then, who wants to cool off?). Washington bars are non-temperature hot, and cruisy. *The Eagle in Exile* (9th and I St.), offers a small dance floor, disco with a live D.J., wall-to-wall people, almost everybody shirtless — lots of glorious, gleaming torsos.

A night on the town might include dinner at Mr. P (2147 P St. NW) (very good food, swift service, highly recommendable) or *The Court Jester* (2321 Wisconsin Ave.) in Georgetown; then on to Y's — formerly the *Barbary Coast* — (2412 Wisconsin Ave.) Y's has a happy hour daily from 4-8 p.m. and great old flicks every Sunday. And just watching those hunky customers shooting pool is an added attraction.

The Club Chain Bath (20 O St. SE) is quite grand and posh, but have your membership card ready, because that's the only way to get in. Once in, it's super, super, super. . . .

No matter what the temperature, Washington has a great theater. Lily

Tomlin's *Appearing Nitely* at the National captivated the town. *Pippin*, Stephen Schwartz's musical about a young man's search for identity in the middle ages, made a triumphant return to the Opera House at the Kennedy Center, and *A Chorus Line* opened — finally — Sept. 14th at the Opera House, for an eight-week run. Trying to get tickets for it is another matter.

Do You Turn Somersaults? (previously called *Old World*) is just ending its eight-week stay at the Eisenhower. The Alesei Arbuzov comedy stars Mary Martin and Anthony Quayle. And the Kennedy Center hosts the Grand Kabuki of Japan in its first public appearance in Washington, at the Opera House.

A breath of fresh air could be had at the New Playwrights' Theatre (1742 Church St. NW) in the form of *Sweet and Hot*, the songs of Harold Arlen in a delightful musical cabaret style with a great, young energetic cast.

Anybody who could sit through Richard Kiley's rendition of "The Impossible Dream" at the end of *Man of La Mancha* with dry eyes would sell his grandmother. Fortunately there wasn't a grandmother-seller in attendance at the National Theater's recent production of this now-classic musical.

So don't let the weather keep you from Washington. We can give you or outdoor, theater or concert, bars something for every taste — indoor or disco's, baths or . . . See y'all.

—Greg Kodjanian

NEW YORK

Here in New York, the Indian Summer scene seems to be pretty much disco, disco, disco . . . Village and uptown bars have added backroom dancing, light shows and expensive acoustical equipment to pull customers away from the big disco palaces. But it's a long way from competition. The big disco scene is one of New York's major attractions.

Earlier this season we had "A Taste of Grace" at *Les Mouches*, Ms. Jones' first performance foray and a test run to see just how alive her dynamics can be. She arrived at the back of the dance floor on a litter carried by four humpy, topless men. Then she was taken around the crowd singing "I Need a Man," wearing a red Cleopatra costume with, of course, a lot of glitter. It's interesting to see how glitter is still with us. And Grace, now rumored to be signed up for *Reggae*, a new Broadway musical, threw it all out

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THE AUTHORS

DR. CHARLES SILVERSTEIN, Ph.D. (Psychology), is currently director of the Institute for Human Identity, New York, an independent counseling center that focuses on the particular problems of gay and bisexual people. He is also editor of the *Journal of Homosexuality* and a consultant at Rutgers and Princeton. Of Dr Silverstein's recent book, *A Family Matter: A Parent's Guide to Homosexuality*, Publishers Weekly says, "This is the most compassionate approach to the subject."

EDMUND WHITE has contributed articles and reviews to *New York, Time, Newsweek, The New Republic, The Nation, The Village Voice, Poetry, The Washington Post, The New York Times*, etc. He is currently conducting a seminar in creative writing at Yale.

THE ILLUSTRATORS

MICHAEL LEONARD, one of the illustrators of Dr. Alex Comfort's *A Good Age*, has had several exhibitions in Europe and his first American show in New York this spring.

JAN BECK is well-known in England for his magazine illustrations, and his film sets.

JULIAN GRADDON, a noted professional illustrator, is a member of the Association of Illustrators.

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into the audience.... Another thing at Les Mouches is the Baseball Benefit, a first for the Big Apple to raise money for the championship to be held this year in San Francisco. The bars which seem tops in the final heats are surprisingly the uptown bars: **Nickel, Boot Hill.** And we're all wondering just what that means....

Over at **Starship Disco**, a plastic multi-leveled space with astrolounges and discovery capsules, Marc Allen Trujillo has set up an out-of-sight 8-piece band. The Latin beat mixed with Marc's sensational music took off from the very beginning. He zipped out of a silver discosuit into black rhinestone slacks, and the crowd went wild. His hit record "Hollywood" has just won the American Song Festival's Grand Prize, and Peggy Lee has recorded "Here! Now!" for her latest album. There's no question about the Starship having discovered a class act all the way.

An unusual departure for the waterfront bar scene — not disco this time — is the new headquarters for **TOSOS**, the gay theater collective under artistic director Doric Wilson. *The West Street Gang* is Wilson's fantasy/satire on the New York media scene, from Anita Bryant to the Lavender Panthers — performed right in the bar (**The Spike**, no less, nestled right between **Eagle** and **Anvil** bars). The show has caused a lot of theater to proclaim a new direction for social drama, but speculation is merely nonsense. Wilson's show is just a good time and aspires to little more than that: Mike Jennings, with a red bandana around his head, plays the **Spike** bartender with the casual authority of a black cat on Halloween.

A final note on disco, and rather a dark one, but one of which we should all be aware. And I guess we all know New York has its freakish, violent episodes. But on **Gay Pride Sunday** (of all day's!), sweet, speedy **Arty of Uncle Paul's** was shot and killed when someone raided the bar for that extra spurt of weekend cash. It was a sad scene, largely unreported due to the overwhelming turn-out for the **Gay Pride March**... and now **Uncle Paul's** has added a disco in the back. **Danse Macabre**, anyone?

Finally, there is another kind of circus in town these days — the **Big Apple Circus**, complete with clowns, jugglers, and high wire acts. The group has formed a circus school as well as performance center, and has found an ideal spot to pitch tent on the scenic landfill viewing the Statue

of Liberty down near Wall Street. The circus has come to town, as if it never left.

Especially enjoyable is the subtle ball-play of Michael and Paul, who can juggle up an act so cleverly downtown. The Russian clowns **Nina** and **Gregory** bring a touch of European tradition to the tent, as well as the many attractive circus hands...or if not enough for you, try **The Big Top**, Broadway and 49th, with its own gay circus schedule — muscleman **David King**, the soap opera "Mary Marvin, Mary Marvin," and plenty of lockers and showers (air conditioning) when films get too hot.

Village People, out on **Casablanca Records** (NBLP 7064), captures New York this year best of all. "Love it, baby" is chanted in the background and there's no mistaking what "love it, baby" means. From L.A. to Fire Island, the backup rhythm is supplied by **Ron of Kellers** and footbells by the unique **Felipe**, the **Anvil Indian**. This is disco sound at it's gayest, for sure to keep you dancing.

—David Sears

SAN FRANCISCO

Asked by an American customs official if he had anything to declare, **Oscar Wilde** replied simply: "My genius." **Vincent Price** delighted us as the dandy savant on the **Marine's Memorial Stage**, an appropriate place for Wilde, and with a yellow rose and a glass of absinthe warmed our intellect with great flare. (See *Oscar Wilde* in this issue. Ed.)

Even under adverse conditions the gay man can make us smile. His last days in Paris are filled with memories and morals, as if even human stories can be works of art. To share an evening with **Oscar Wilde** is an invitation no one should turn down. He is your best friend passing on the stage, and **Vincent Price** has all of the man and none of the monster in his heart.

The performance and the personage are remarkable, and whenever **Oscar** plays he bids you join him in a succulent evening filled with ripe plums and candied quince. Touching on his love affair with **Alfred Lord Douglas**, he warns the audience that if it shocks them, they may leave the theater, but they have no hope of getting their money back. He chides his lover, "Bosie," saying, "Your hatred of your father was greater than your love for me." The scandal, meant to hurt the father, hurt **Oscar** instead.

The Wilde odyssey is one that

gays can identify with fully. We share his victories and sorrows and know them as our own. No matter if we fall short on brawn, never let it be said we fall short in wit. As long as the spirit of Oscar Wilde is with us, our mouths will get us through.

John Gay's play *Diversions and Delights* gives Oscar room to breathe. Drawing on the plays, the letters, the poetry, an evening at the theater is an evening at home with one of the most surprising men of Victorian England. The next time you're depressed, think of Oscar Wilde. What a boost. We New Victorians were holding hands because Mr. Wilde was with us. He must have known we were coming.

The poetry and polemic of the gay parades continue with Arthur Bressan's film *Gay U.S.A.* He cuts from 5th Ave. to the Golden Gate Bridge. His mother made egg salad sandwiches for the crew in New York. This film should not be missed. See yourself going private in a public way. The interviews are smashing icons right and left. Artie is a filmmaker with a heart. His range is soprano to bass. With a pan shot from 2nd and Market to the Civic Center, he incorporates gay men and women sharing struggle and success.

Not even Cecil B. DeMille had 200,000 extras. *Gay U.S.A.* is a filmmaker's dream and a revolutionary's manifesto. It is intelligent, thinking America on the move. It ain't sweet! It's sassy with lots of gut feelings and class. It presents all voices, and it asks one leading question: "Are you gay?" Film does not lie. Our love is here to stay.

Well, the Disco's are duking it out like the punk bands. The illusive light show keeps flickering from Polk to Folsom, from Haight to Castro. Where will the dizzy ride end? Brass knuckles meet ivory cockrings as the I-Beam and Bones do a two-step in the Haight. The private dicks are working up a sweat deciding which one will open, which one will close. Who's that tune that keeps the rythm in his rump? The action follows x, y, and z as they arrive in tank tops at Alfies (2140 Market). Pay one buck to...whatever...at Alfies. The wall flowers make the lights blush. Go there for a steam-bath. Open some pores. Get down on the floor. Push up. Sit up. Exercise at Alfies. But if you don't see the varsity playing shirts and skins, you know they're somewhere else. The coach's boys hang out together 'cause they're hung. Should there be a lack of aroma, the athletes are jogging down another street.

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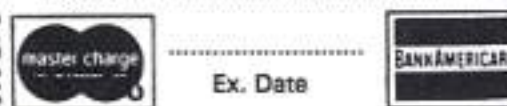
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(continued from page 57)

Ocean Beach, Pacific Beach, Mission Beach, Imperial Beach, and beaches at the neighboring cities of La Jolla and Coronado.

Despite its liberal gay community, the city itself is somewhat shrouded in conservatism. Retirees are drawn to the area because of its beautiful weather and scenery. The presence of the Navy and Marines tends to likewise keep a rein on things. Military personnel and military civilian employees make up nearly one-fifth of San Diego's working population. As a result, gays here don't have the clout that they do in Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Police-gay relations come off looking like a see-saw that's fairly much balanced. Things aren't superb nor are they that bad, either. There's kind of a tolerance, a mellowness. Gays know the police are there and the police know the gays are there. Generally, there is no harassment to any great extent. However, if and when the police do decide to come down, they come down hard. Every now and then, a bookstore may get hit for a new batch of magazines or a new film. Or the peep shows may get "cleaned up" a bit. Generally, however, such activities aren't carried out on a regular basis.

Besides gay San Diego, there's a vibrant, bustling tourist trade here. San Diegans call this place "America's Finest City." The tourist industry has its own version: "America's Funnest City."

At Sea World, the world's largest aquatic park, visitors can feed and pet dolphins, walruses and seals.

Another big animal attraction is Wild Animal Park, an 1800-acre preserve for vanishing wildlife. Animals roam free as they would in their native habitats in Africa, Asia and Australia. Included is Nairobi Village, a reproduction of an African village, where visitors are safely taken on safaris by way of an electric monorail.

San Diego is the home of the Star of India, a fully restored, 100-year-old merchant sailing vessel, the oldest iron sailing ship afloat. The ship has been converted into a maritime museum, where exhibits include paintings, sea chests and ships' logs.

Old Town San Diego, officially declared a state historic park in 1968, features many original buildings, both from San Diego's Mexican period before 1846 and the early California period. Some of the Mexican-era adobe buildings date

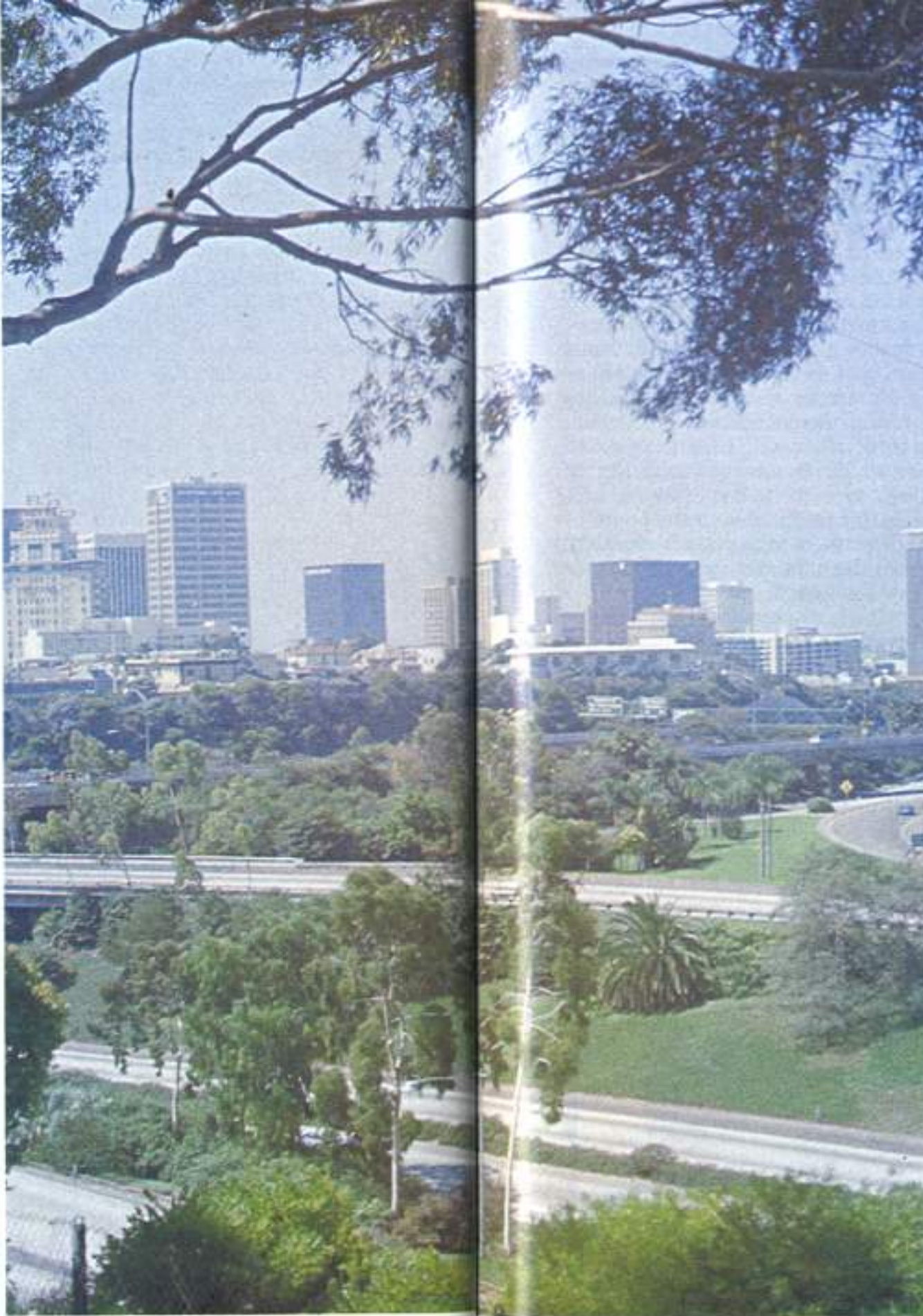
from 1825; others are being restored as they were a century ago.

On a hill above Old Town is Presidio Park, the site of the founding of San Diego in 1769. That same year also marks the founding of Mission San Diego de Alcalá by Father Junipero Serra. San Diegans are especially proud of the mission because it was the first mission established in California. It's now a major "must-see" attraction and is located in the Mission Valley area of the city.

For sports fans, the city proudly offers the 50,000-seat San Diego Stadium, home of the San Diego Padres baseball team and the San Diego Chargers professional football

team. The city is also a golfer's paradise, boasting 68 year-round golf courses, including the site of the \$170,000 Andy Williams-San Diego Open, held yearly in February.

Whatever your interests, you're sure to find it in San Diego. From the moment your plane nearly "decapitates" a few buildings downtown, to the time you depart, you know San Diego's different. Whether it's hearing "White Christmas" before dashing off to the beach on Christmas Day, or ogling koala bears at the zoo, San Diego's got it. This is definitely Fun City. And if you happen to be gay, then it's all twice the fun!!





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Yes, I went to Jack's (615 Sacramento). There since 1864. They made me wear a skinny fifties tie. I felt like a punk. I ate sandabs, meuniere and broiled rump steak, gumbo, green salad, and creamed spinach, but not in that order. I ate it all up 'cause it was good, and the maitre d' might beat me with a knotted linen napkin.

Instead I was rewarded with banana fritters in brandy sauce all for \$9.50 with pleasant conversation, and the knowledge that they would be there tomorrow if I ever wanted to go back. They say that Ruby's is a jewel. But I haven't been there. It's down on 4th and Brannan. They say they have a patio and a waiter named Ivey who gives good service and lunch. The menu is supposed to be going up to keep the riff-raff out. But I ask you, what is the warehouse district for? Herb Caen raves about it. Piper Laurie does not own or run it. Don't shun it. Ruby's!

Little theatre is growing and maturing. At least, talented actors and promising playwrights have a choice

of several companies to showcase their work. Michelle Truffaut has turned a storefront at 19th and Colingwood in the Castro district into the San Francisco Repertory Company and shows the energy of a young Margo Jones. Her production of *The Runner Stumbles*, by Milan Stitt, was taut and went through its paces like a pro. Decisive staging—simple, but stern—gave clarity and meaning to a bizarre story of a priest convicted of killing a nun in backwoods Michigan.

Vera De Martini gave a chilling performance in the play that prods the American sexual/spiritual dilemma with an ice pick. The characters believe so entirely in themselves that they cannot see the reality of others. Relationships that never quite get off the ground illuminate our need for braille in a world of blindness. We live in a society where even priests must learn to cry.

Director Robert Woodruff of the Eureka Theatre has been asked by Joe Papp to direct Sam Shepard's new play *Curse of the Starving Class* in New York. His work at the Eureka Theatre on 16th Street and Market, along with that of Chris Silva and Diana Ayers, has been

consistently sharp and innovative.

Detailing much of this activity is *San Francisco Theatre* magazine, the premiere issue of which has interviews with Silva, Woodruff and John Lion and Michael McClure of the Magic Theatre. This complete coverage of the theater scene in the Bay Area has been long overdue and reveals a variety and vitality that heralds a renaissance.

Just beginning is the Gay Community Center Repertory Theatre Company (330 Grove), headed by John Burke. It is hoped that their first show, *Headin' For the Bigtime*, in October, is an auger of things to come. Gay theater, heretofore itinerant, now has a home of its own. New plays are welcomed. We've been in the streets, now we want the lights!

— Dan Turner

DETROIT

Winter's not far off, and Detroiters are preparing for it, making plans to keep warm during the long, cold months. The next two months are going to be exceptionally busy and interesting.

Halloween is always big in Detroit, and this year is no exception. Every bar will have its own party



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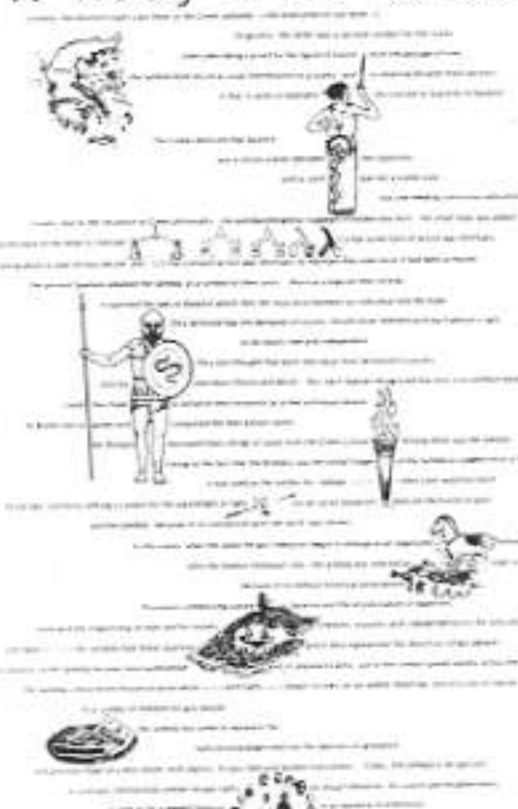
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or contest of some sort, though the biggest will be at Menjo's (928 W. McNichols), Bookie's Club 870 (870 W. McNichols), and Stephen's Saloon (17160 Woodward).

On Nov. 15, Menjo's hosts the *Mr. Menjo's Contest*, which no doubt could cause one to have an eyeball or two fall out. Nov. 25, the day after Thanksgiving, there'll be a *Charity Slave Auction*, sponsored by the Tribe Motorcycle Club and the Interchange (1501 Holden) and held — naturally — at the Interchange. My personal favorite party of the year is at Stephen's Saloon, Dec. 9. It's Stephen's birthday and Stephen's likes to party.

The Fisher Theatre, Detroit's legitimate showcase, has opened its season. Playing through mid-Nov. is Carol Channing in *Hello Dolly*, followed by *Shenandoah*. In Dec., Bob Fosse's *Chicago* will hit Detroit.

Late fall through the holiday season is one of the nicest times in Detroit, and we natives who are adaptable to the change of seasons definitely don't let a little cooler weather stop us. We'll still be dancing at Menjo's and Five West (5 West 7 Mile) and continue our cruising at Stephen's, the Woodward, and the Interchange. We hope you'll join us.

—Jimi Walters

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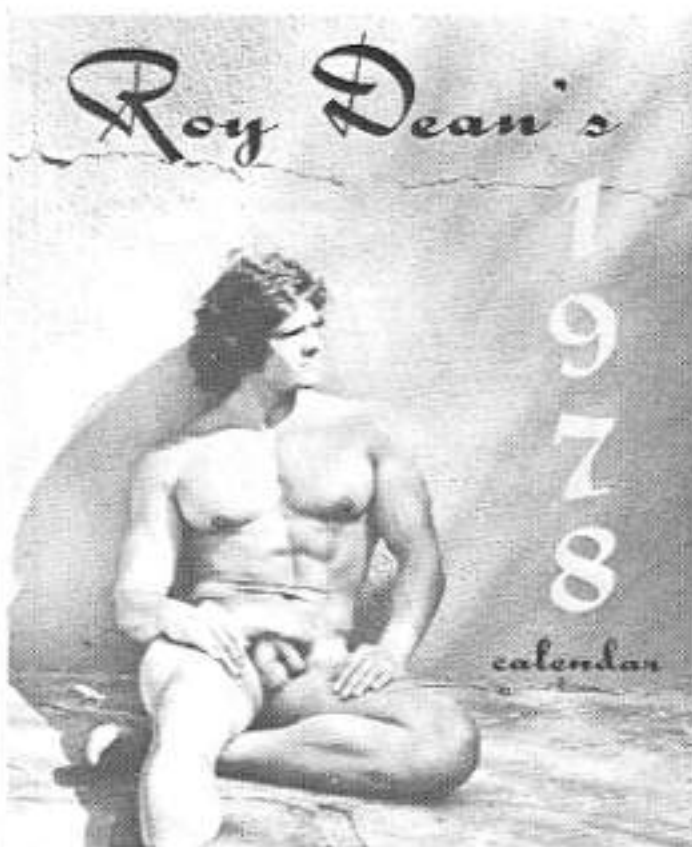
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PITTSBURGH

An out-of-towner called recently to ask where a stranger might find gay friends in Pittsburgh. We advised him to start at **The Venture Inn** on Liberty Avenue in the Golden Triangle. It's a big, cheerful place with dancing and outgoing clientele of all ages. From there he could work his way to any or all of the following —

David's, on Penn Avenue, just around the corner from the Venture. Interesting decor, dancing, inexpensive drinks, predominantly middle-age executive types.

El Greco, on 9th off Penn, smaller than a trolley car, clientele 30ish, an occasional hustler from the corner outside.

Edison Hotel, across 9th from El Greco. Rather tacky. Mixed group. Go-go boys and girls.

Shawn's, at 1209 Fifth Avenue, uptown. Strictly for the girls.

Farther out is **The Holiday**, an intimate little bar in the University area of town. Reportedly the best place for a quick pick-up.

The Trap-Ease, at 229 S. Highland Ave. in East Liberty. New. DJ. Dancing. Youthful crowd. Striking decor.

CJ's Phase Two, 4257 Verona

Road in Penn Hills. Good food. Lots of dark meat.

The club closest to downtown is **Norreh** on Polish Hill, at 1226 Herron Avenue. In our town a stranger can enter a private club only as a guest of a member — something to do with the liquor laws — but, then, just about every practicing gay in Pittsburgh is a member of practically all the clubs. Norreh seems to attract the rugged type: leather, motorcycle, Nazis. Three stories. Orgy room. Restaurant.

The Home Circle, at 1000 Vinial Street on the near North side, with a membership still small and intimate, is lots of fun. Typical of their frequent entertainments was a recent Buns Contest.

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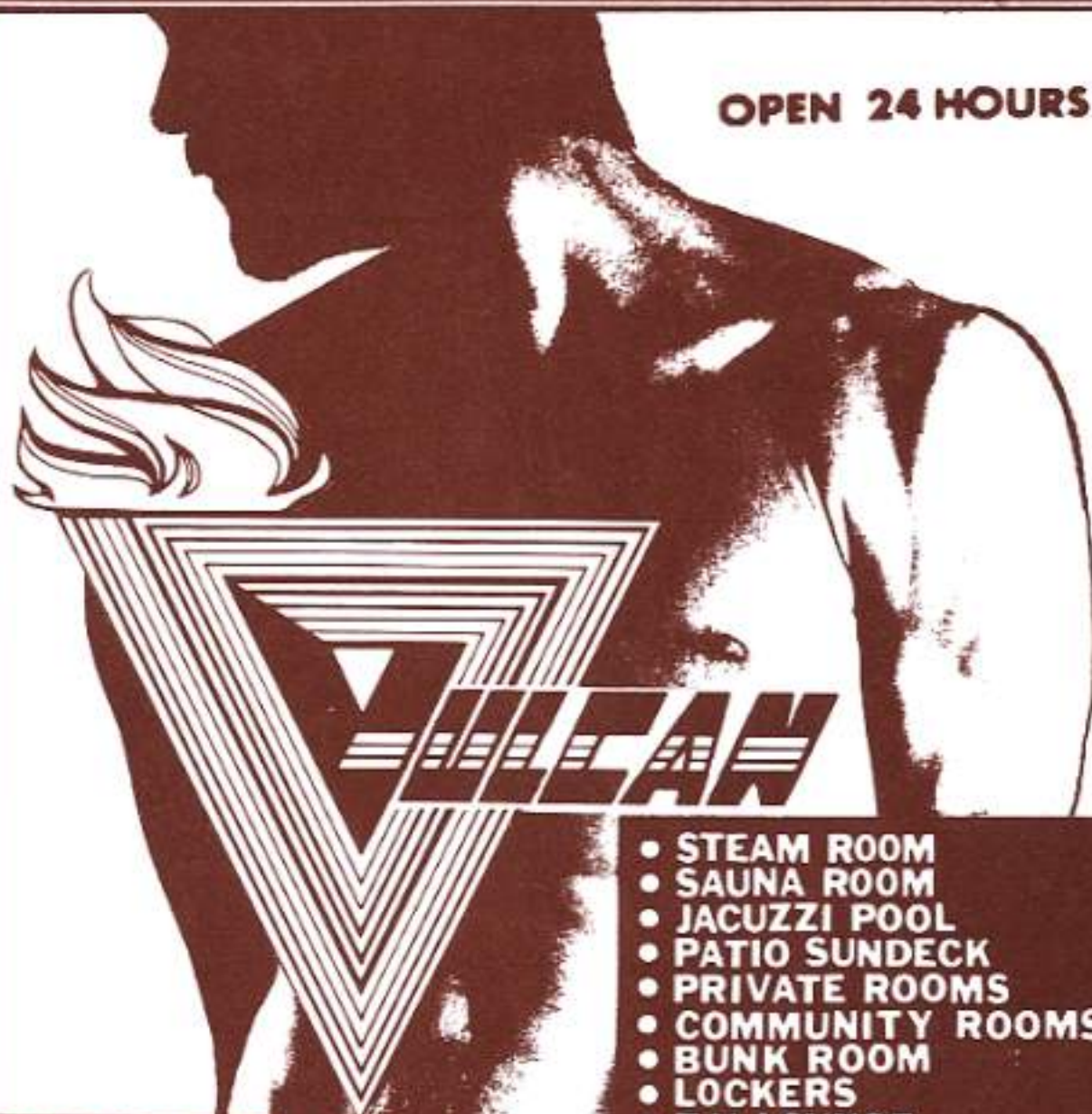


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For lack of interest, there was no Gay Pride procession this year.

But the annual Labor Day Picnic, Sept. 5, from noon until eight, was even better than last year's. Sponsored by Venture, Norreh, and Tilden, it was held at The Lodge in North Park, with parking for 300 cars. A ticket at \$5 (\$7 after Aug. 31) bought all the food and beer you want. Games, softball, volleyball, horseshoes, sunbathing, woods for romping, 2-level indoor building, prizes.

Things are looking up!

— Christopher McGlynn

PHILADELPHIA

Fall in Philadelphia is a time of beginnings. All the college students are back and starting their studies. The new theater season opens with promises of being a smash. *A Chorus Line* and *For Colored Girls*... are among the offer-

ings as well as a number of other productions. And, both the Opera Company and the superb Philadelphia Orchestra begin their 1977-78 seasons.

This fall brings with it the appearance of a few new establishments on the gay bar circuit. **The BlueBoy Bar** (1116 Spruce St.) is the newest addition to the scene. Never judge a book by its cover — or a bar either! This one would never make it on looks alone. Although it changed its original front from turquoise and brown stripes to a pale blue, the insides have remained the same — gaudy. But the BlueBoy Bar doesn't have to depend on looks. Inside is another of Philly's friendly bars. Brought to you by the people who gave you **Roscoe's** (15th & Spruce), the BlueBoy Bar continues the tradition of being an open and human kind of bar. There is a cozy restaurant and room for dancing. Who cares that the decor is tacky? You're not there to stare at the walls (for that you go to the Art Museum).

Another addition, or rather an unexpected rebirth on the bar rounds, will be the **Pepper Box** (12th St. between Spruce and Locust). Some may remember this bar as a somewhat elegant bar on its way

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to a booming business. Suddenly, and with no warning, the doors closed and not a peep has been heard from it in almost two years. The recent rumors about reopening the Pepper Box have caused some happy anticipation. It will be well worth waiting for.

Letters (22nd and South), becomes more popular every week. It's no wonder. One of the nicest bars on the circuit, Letters has tried a variety of programs to please the crowds: jam sessions, live rock, free Sunday brunches, and weekday afternoon lunches. Apparently the people love it—Letters is always packed. One of the real secrets behind the success of Letters is that it is truly a friendly and open bar. It makes all the difference in choosing a place to go.

The 217 Bar (247 S. 17th St.) and The Post (1705 Chancellor St.) are two places where drinks are reasonably priced and the atmosphere is amiable. On certain evenings both places sponsor "beer blasts." For a modest sum you get beer and food and a good time.

Other Fall activities are planned at both places, but it's best to check a schedule of events when you get to town.

—Joseph DeMarco

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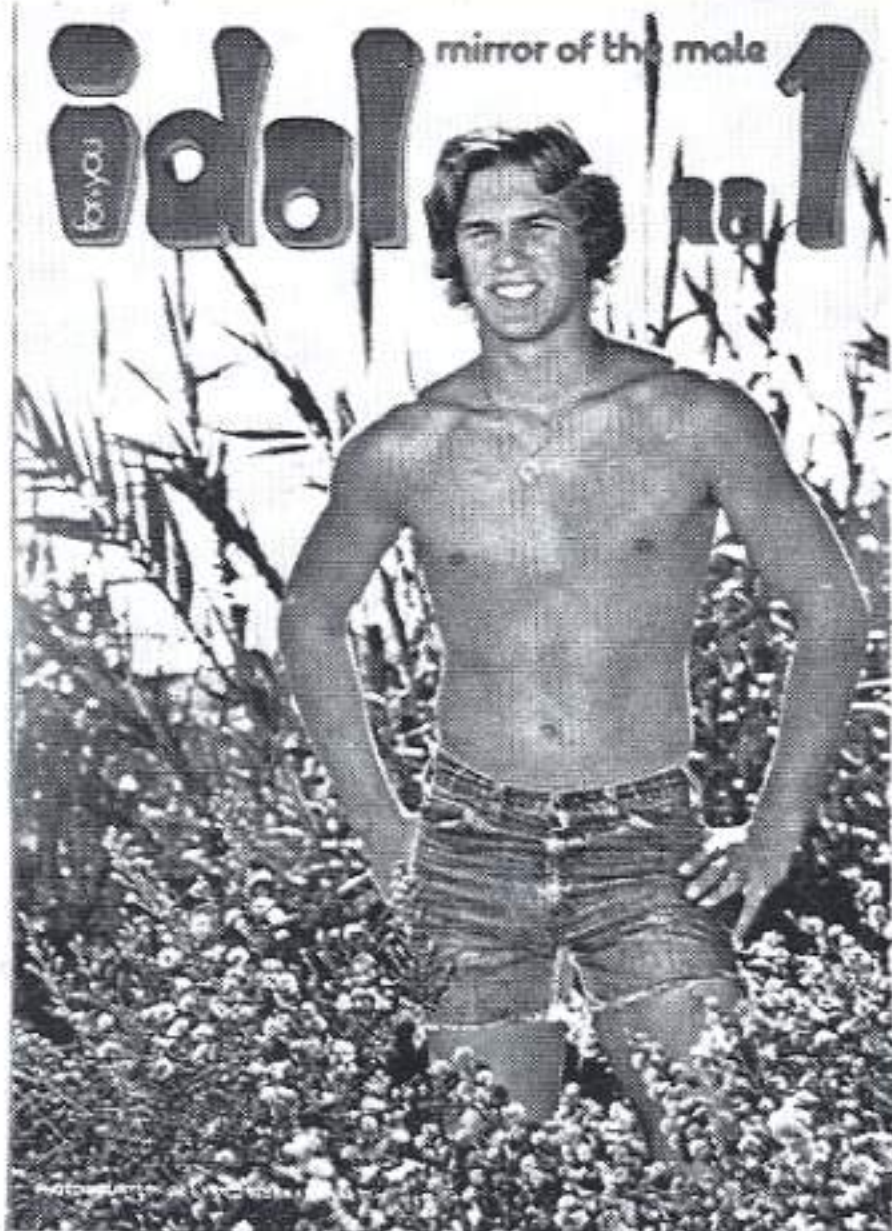
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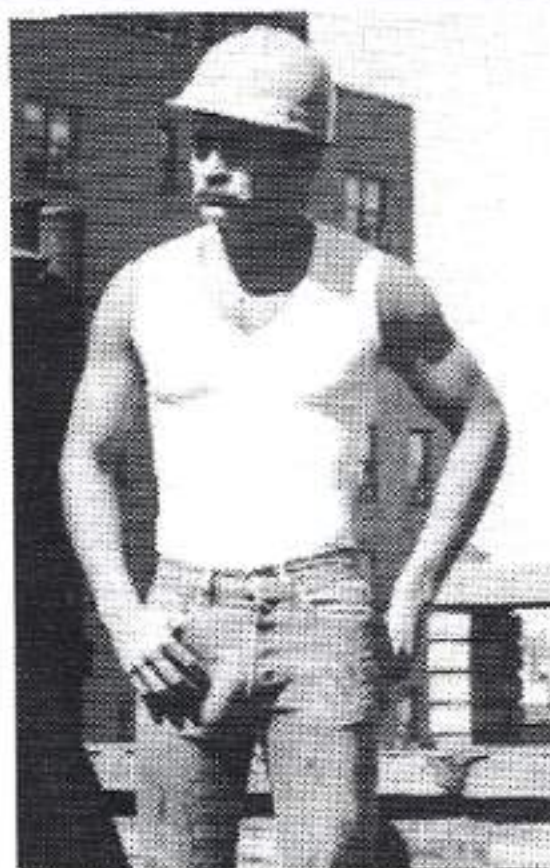
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